

*John Dick 313 Strand*  
**PENNY ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY NEWS.**



No. 90.—VOL. II. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1865

ONE PENNY.



FUNERAL OF CARDINAL WISEMAN.—SCENE AT THE CEMETERY. (See page 995.)

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday afternoon a frightful accident happened to a youth named Charles Hills, aged fourteen, at Trent Station, near Nottingham, on the Midland Railway. He was engaged in a room where a cauldron is used for boiling fat for the purpose of making grease for the railway carriages. Whilst there it is supposed he was seized with a fit, and fell with both his arms to the boiling vat, scalding them very severely. He was taken to the General Hospital.

At Hull, on Saturday night, the police apprehended a labourer, named James Clarke, on a charge of violently assaulting Elizabeth Coxon, a woman about forty years of age, and thereby causing her death. It appears that for a considerable period the prisoner had cohabited with the deceased, and frequently ill-treated her. On the previous Friday night he went home very drunk, when he found the woman in company with a man in a passage near the house. As soon as the deceased came into the room they commenced Clarke attacked her in a most brutal manner, inflicting serious injuries upon her. It was subsequently found that the deceased was in a dangerous condition, and a surgeon was sent for. Notwithstanding that she received unrelenting attention she became worse, and on Saturday evening she expired.

On Sunday the premises belonging to Messrs. Defries and Sons, gas illuminations and glass chandelier merchants, 80, 136, Roudeditch, were discovered to be on fire. An omnibus conductor gave the first alarm, and in a short time some fire-engines arrived, followed by numerous engines of the London Brigade and several land steamers. By the time the engines arrived the flames had obtained a firm hold of the building. There was an abundant supply of the New River Company's water, but it required five hours' hard working by the land steamers before the least impression could be made upon the flames. At a critical moment Conductor Wood jumped from the railings in Gravel lane, entered the basement, and succeeded in turning off the gas. Nevertheless the fire, in spite of great exertions, continued to blaze, and it could not be said to be entirely extinguished until a late hour of the day. The damage done is very serious, and at a moderate calculation must amount to 30,000l. The firm is insured in six of the principal offices. As to the cause of the fire nothing is at present known.

About four o'clock on Monday afternoon an alarming accident took place at the sugar refinery now building at Bonnington, between Edinburgh and Leith. The building, which was eighty feet long, consisted of eight stories, supported on iron pillars and brick arches. Owing to the failure of a foundation stone one of the pillars slipped from its resting place, and the internal structure collapsed, leaving only bare walls and ten feet of flooring at one end standing. A number of workmen were buried in the fall, of whom four were taken out dead and several injured.

THE SHOCKING GUN ACCIDENT AT RICHMOND.

On Monday morning, Mr. W. Carter, coroner for Surrey, held an inquest at the Orange Tree Inn, Kew-road, Richmond, on the body of Mr. William Charles Johnson, aged forty-six, collector of Queen's taxes, who was unfortunately killed by the accidental bursting of a fowling piece while attending a shooting match in the vicinity of Richmond.

Mr. R. Bigartford said he was an ex-police officer, living at Ealing-lane, Brentford. The previous Thursday, about a quarter to four, he was in a field in Kew-road, Richmond, witnessing some sparrow-shooting. He knew the deceased by sight. Shooting was taking place. He saw him suddenly fall at full length upon his back. Just at that instant a person fired at a bird which had been let out of a trap. The man who discharged the gun was standing some seven or eight yards on witness's right, and a little behind him. Seeing blood flowing, witness stooped to the assistance of the deceased, when he noticed a wound, a round hole, in the head of the deceased. Deceased was taken to Mr. Hill, a surgeon, with whom he left him.

Allen Smith, having been duly cautioned by the coroner, deposed that he lived at High-street, Mitcham. On the Thursday he was at a sparrow-shooting match at Richmond. He did not take a gun with him, but while there borrowed one from Mr. George Anstey. It was a double-barrelled gun, and he borrowed it to shoot at a bird let out from a trap. That was between four and five o'clock. The gun had previously been used, and some half a dozen shots had been fired from it. Witness loaded both barrels, but before this had occurred one had been fired. He did not notice the breach before firing, but it had plugs inserted in it. The gun had been converted from a fowling piece to a shotgun. He gave the order to let the bird loose after having taken his stand in front of the trap. He said, "Pull," when the bird took a direction to the right, and away from the people. He shot at the bird, using the left barrel. The charge consisted of two and a half drams of powder and one ounce and a quarter of shot. Upon the discharge witness felt a sort of stunning sensation, and looked at his wrist. He then found that the plug had been blown out of the left barrel, and next saw that Mr. Johnson had been hit. The plug produced in court was one from the gun he had used. The gun he had often used, and had fired off about twenty times. When he put the cap on he saw nothing wrong, and fired both barrels on the nipple. They seemed to act regularly, and he had no reason therefore to suppose that anything would occur from the discharge.

Dr. Edward Henry Hill having described the cause of death, The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death," with a recommendation that the gun should be destroyed.

**MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.**—On Monday evening an inquest was held by Mr. J. G. Richards, the deputy coroner for Middlesex, at the Rutland Arms Tavern, Pearson-street, Kingsland-road, Shoreditch, relative to the death of a child, supposed to be named David Charles Parry, aged eleven months. Fanny Connor, of No. 8, Fallow-street, Kingsland-road, said that she was the wife of a photographer. About the beginning of March she advertised in the Times newspaper offering her services to nurse a child on reasonable terms. The advertisement was answered by a lady who signed her name "Harriet Olive." A few days afterwards a lady came in a cab with the deceased in her arms. The female in question seemed highly satisfied with the accommodation and assistance witness proposed, and then said the child was illegitimate. She put down £15 in gold upon the table and said, "The child's name is David Charles Parry." Witness was to bury the deceased if he died within twelve months, and she promised to send more money in May. The female in question said that she was connected with an influential family near Windsor Castle, and told witness to address all letters directed "G. P., Post-office, Slough." Witness had written several times for a remittance of money, and to give notice of the death of the child, but had not received any reply. The female seemed to be about twenty-seven years of age. Witness would know her again, and the deceased resembled her in the features. On Wednesday night week deceased was taken ill with convulsions. Witness placed him in a bath, and subsequently in bed. On the following morning when she awoke, deceased was dead and black in the face. Mr. Charles Owen Asprey, M.R.C.S., said that he found the deceased dead. There was no appearance of poison, and the post-mortem examination showed that the deceased died from spasmodic cough, the result of natural causes.—Verdict accordingly.

**NO. 10000 COMPLETE WITHOUT A WILLOOK AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.**—Simple, compact, efficient, durable, and noiseless. Wanted—A full set of the requirements of a perfect family machine. For specimen on application at 154, Regent-street.—(Advertisement.)

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

A Paris letter says: "The Prince Imperial gives already promise that he will 'understand his epoch.' After the Imperial Speech at the opening of the Chambers, he advanced towards his mother, and offered her his hand to escort her from the Salle des Etats. 'No, no,' retorted the Empress—'vous êtes encore trop petit' (you are too little). Whereupon this precocious young gentleman went up to his papa, and shook hands with him, saying, 'Ma foi, sire, vous avez fait là un beau discours' (By my faith, sire, you made a good speech)—a compliment at which the Emperor was rather taken aback.

A select correspondence, addressed to about a dozen Catholic journals, relates the story of a miracle recently performed at Rome by the Pope in person. A great lady, Madame Odescalchi, being at the point of death, sent to the Pope to beg for his blessing in articulo mortis. Pius IX. went on his knees, and while he was praying the lady got up and dressed herself. She states that in the sleep which preceded her miraculous cure she distinctly saw the Pope approach her bedside, saying, "Rise up." It is added that she got up so well as to be able to go straight to church and to pay a visit of thanks to the Vatican afterwards.

It appears from the following paragraph in the *Gazette des Etrangers*, a paper whose Court news is of high authority, that certain guests at the Tuilleries balls have been complaining of short commons:—

"The balls at the Tuilleries are justly renowned as the most perfect models of magnificence, good taste, and royal hospitality; it appears, however, that certain abuses have crept into the organization of the buffet, which on recent occasions has not been kept supplied with refreshments until the end of the ball. Her Majesty, whose gracious vigilance embraces everything touching the comfort of the guests of the chateau, has deigned personally to give orders that in future nobody going to the buffet a little late in the evening shall be exposed to the affront of being told, 'There is nothing left!'"

The reform considerably projected by her Majesty cannot now come into operation till next season, since the ball of Wednesday week was the last this year.

The cabmen of Paris have now a newspaper to represent their interests. It is entitled *L'Union des Cochers* (the union of cabmen) and advertises that any subscribing coachman who may be summoned for an overcharge, will be provided with an advocate to plead his cause for the small sum of one penny—to be sent in stamps to the office of the paper.

MEXICO.

Advices from Mexico to the *Standard*, published in the New York papers, report that General Bazaine had been defeated several times in the province of Oaxaca. Juarez was said to be in Sonora.

The *Tribune* says private letters from Mexico state that the Liberals are rising in the parts from which the French are withdrawn. Diaz is asserted to have 12,000 men, and the entire Liberal party numbered 60,000 men.

Washington despatches state that semi-official advices from Sonora announce that a large force of Imperialists under Vega had invaded that province. The Mexican General Patoro started to attack Vega. The French sent reinforcements on board the steamer *Laofier*, which were landed at Altata. Colonel Rosalia attacked and defeated the reinforcements at San Pedro, capturing their artillery and some prisoners, including Lagrilla, who commanded the expedition. Patoro at the same time defeated Vega at Elituria, capturing his artillery and many prisoners, including Vega himself, who was shot as a traitor.

AMERICA.

By the Africa, which left New York on the 14th Feb., we have the following news:—

There has been no further fighting by Grant's army. The position gained on Hatcher's Run on Sunday is being fortified for permanent occupation. The Confederates assert that this extends and weakens, but does not advance, the Federal lines. Richmond papers of the 11th inst. state that Sherman's forces had appeared on the west bank of Edisto River above and below Branchville, but do not confirm the reported capture of that place.

Another enthusiastic war meeting was held in Richmond; the speeches, in which Secretary Benjamin and other leading Confederates participated, denounced Mr. Lincoln's profers of reconstruction as insulting; and it was unanimously resolved to incur every sacrifice of life and property rather than forego the independence of the Confederacy. The resources for this end were declared abundant, and should it become necessary to abandon the sea coast the people would follow General Lee into the interior, and there continue the struggle until the North should become exhausted and abandon the contest.

Washington despatches state that the Federal consul at London has officially notified the Government that the ironclad ram built at Bordeaux, and recently purchased by Denmark, has been sold by that Power to the Confederates. The Danish ambassador at Washington denies the truth of the statement.

Confederate accounts state that Sherman's left wing occupied Grahamville, on the South Carolina Railway, eight or nine miles west of Branchville, on the 8th inst. Subsequently Kilpatrick's cavalry moved westward, towards Augusta, occupying Blackville, while the main force crossed south of the Edisto River, and advanced upon Orangeburg sixteen miles north of Branchville, on the Columbia Railway.

The *Richmond Examiner* states that Beauregard, with the greater part of Hood's late army, is in Sherman's immediate front. Governor McRath orders the entire population of the State, including aliens, to arm and resist the invaders.

Charleston despatches report that 3,000 Federals landed on James Island, within three miles of the city, on the 10th inst., but the movement was believed to be a feint. An attack made simultaneously upon the Confederates on Salkatchie River was repulsed.

General Lee has resumed the command of the Confederate armies. In an order dated the 11th inst. he warns all absentees to report within twenty days to head-quarters of the departments in which they may be. He declares that the resources of the Confederacy vigorously employed are ample to establish its independence.

**THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT COMBERMERE.**—During the last illness of this heroic soldier her Majesty the Queen made special inquiries respecting his lordship by telegraph; and soon after his death Lady Combermere received from her Majesty a very kind, sympathetic letter of condolence, written by the Queen's own hand. It need scarcely be observed that this gracious act of attention was most grateful and comforting to the afflicted lady. It is pleasing to be able to add, in the words of one who watched by the dying bed, that "his last hours were tranquil, and his sufferings very light." The veteran soldier's countenance at the approach of, and subsequent to, death is described as having worn a peculiarly serene and happy expression, almost as of renewed youth.

**PARKING AND GOTTIE'S PRIZE WRITING CASE** for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps), fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencases and Pens, Binding-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 300,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKING & GOTTIE, 25, Oxford-street, London.—(Advertisement.)

General News.

THE colonelcy of the 73rd Regiment has become vacant by the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Benjamin Orlando Jones, K.H., K.T.S. We read in the *Diritto*:—"The subscription for the monument to Anita Garibaldi (the first wife of Garibaldi) continues to advance rapidly, and we shall soon be able to publish a second list, more important than the first."

The *New York Observer* says, that the Rev. S. H. Jagger, of Marlboro, New York, who had just returned from Europe with confirmed health, after an absence of six months, came home to find that his people had paid their supply, continued his salary, repaired the parsonage, and were ready to hand him a purse covering the expenses of his journey.

On Sunday last (says the *Court Journal*) her Majesty had a most miraculous escape from being crushed to death by the falling of a huge elm tree in the Home-park. Her Majesty was taking an airing on her favourite little Scotch pony, and proceeding through the tall avenue of elms at Windsor known as Queen Elizabeth's ride, the pony being led by a gillie, and a groom following at a short distance, when, fortunately and providentially, the servant observed one of the large trees falling immediately over her Majesty. The groom called out loudly, and her Majesty, made aware of the danger by this timely alarm, escaped being crushed beneath the tree by a few yards only.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have signified their intention to patronise the Devon and Cornwall Lifeboat Bazaar, to be held at Teignmouth in August next, in aid of the funds of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. All the lifeboats, numbering fourteen, on the shores of the two counties, belong to the National Institution, which has expended on them about £7,000.

The late Duke of Northumberland in early life entered the navy, and one of his biographers tells a pleasing anecdote, illustrative of the generosity of Lord Algernon Percy, as he was then called. A case of great distress was brought before the ship to which he belonged, and a subscription paper was sent round, and when presented to his lordship he put his name down for £1,000, thus starting all the officers. The captain of the vessel at once wrote to his lordship's father upon the subject, and the reply of the duke was in keeping with the generous disposition of the son:—"I will honour my son's draft for any amount."—*Court Journal*.

We have reason to believe that Lieutenant-General Lord Lucan, K.C.B., will succeed the late Field Marshal Lord Combermere as Gold Stick and Colonel-in-Chief of the 1st Life Guards.

The Court.

Their Royal Highnesses Prince Arthur and Prince Leopold, attended by Major Elphinstone and Mr. Buff, went to London on Saturday, and visited the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House, and were present in the evening at the amateur performance given by the officers of the brigade of Guards at the Bijou Theatre, in the Haymarket. Their royal highnesses returned to Windsor Castle at twelve o'clock.

The Belgian minister and Madame Van de Weyer, and Earl de Grey and Ripon, had the honour of dining on Saturday with her Majesty and the royal family.

The Queen, their Royal Highnesses Princess Helena, Princess Louise, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, with the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, attended Divine service on Sunday morning in the private chapel. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated.

The Prince and Princess of Wales went on Monday evening to the amateur theatrical performance by the officers of the Brigade of Guards, at the Bijou Theatre, in aid of the Guards Industrial Home.

On Tuesday morning her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by their royal highnesses Princesses Helena, Louise, and Beatrice, and Major-General Hood, Colonel de Ros, and the ladies in waiting, left Windsor Castle, and with the suite drove in several close carriages to the Windsor Station of the Great Western Railway, en route for London, where the Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace for the reception of the ambassadors and ministers of the various foreign courts and staffs attached to the embassy.

Her Majesty and the Princesses appeared in good health. Their royal highnesses the Princess Helena and Louise were very elegantly attired in black velvet mantles, silk dresses, and bonnets trimmed with blue and red strings and white lace. Princess Beatrice has lately greatly improved, and was to day very tastefully dressed, wearing a white hat with blue ribbon.

The Queen, after holding the Court left for Windsor.

**THE QUEEN AS A SCRIPTURE READER.**—The picture by Mr. Goulay Strell, R.S.A., painted for a Newcastle publisher, representing the Queen reading the Scriptures at the bedside of an aged fisherman, is at present on view in Mr. Hill's Gallery, Princes-street. We had the opportunity of seeing the picture some time ago in the artist's studio, and of noticing the ability and success with which the incident is commemorated by him on the canvas. The story, now well known, was originally told at a meeting of the Army Scripture Readers' Society by the Rev. H. Huleatt, one of the chaplains of Aldershot. It is as follows:—"The incumbent of Osborne had occasion to visit an aged parishioner. Upon his arrival at the cottage, as he entered the door where the invalid lay, he saw sitting by the bedside a lady in deep mourning, reading the Word of God. He was about to retire, when the lady remarked, 'Pray remain. I should not wish the invalid to lose the comfort which a clergyman might afford.' The lady retired, and the clergyman found lying on the bed a book with texts of Scripture adapted to the sick; and he found that out of that book portions of Scripture had been read by the lady in black. That lady was the Queen of England." This beautiful incident in the widowed life of the royal lady speaks more than volumes of eulogy.—*Edinburgh Courier*.

**EXECUTION OF A DESEDER.**—On the 3rd inst. James Devlin, a deserter and bounty jumper, was executed on Governor's Island. He first entered the army under his right name; then deserted and re-entered in a false name, taking bounty a second time; and then again deserted and entered again under another false name, thus getting bounty a third time. Devlin, who appears to have been an Irishman, was married to a woman about ten years his senior; he deserted her for another, and his wife in revenge gave information against him. As soon as she heard of his sentence her affection for him returned, and she became almost frantic, but all her efforts to obtain a reprieve were in vain. When he was marched out to execution her shrieks resounded over the island, and were heard to the water's edge. A party of ten fired, and an examination of the remains showed that ten balls had passed through the prisoner's body, although there were but eight holes. Four of the bullets had passed through two holes. One of the balls cut the spine in two, and another passed through the right lung. His death must have been instantaneous.—*New York Times*.

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FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Soon after nine o'clock on Saturday a force of the A Division, under the able direction of Inspector Bradstock, was stationed outside Northumberland House, as well as within the gates in the courtyard. Mutes were stationed at the outer gates, and also at the entrance to the mansion. The hall was carpeted, and its apartments draped with black cloth, while in an immediately adjacent hall lay in grand but solemn magnificence the body of the late duke, round whose coffin burned gigantic tapers, the dim light of which added solemnity to the death chamber, impressing the observer with an uncontrollable awe. Very shortly after ten o'clock, the mourners began to arrive. As they reached the gate of Northumberland House, they were received on the outside by Inspector Bradstock, the gate was thrown open by an old and favoured porter of the late duke's, and straightway they walked across the courtyard to the hall. Their mission was known, a fact that obviated the necessity of their speaking. As they arrived at the hall doors, by twos and threes, as the case may be, they were received by Mr. Child, the undertaker. Their hats were taken from them, fitted with bands, labelled, and placed on the different tables in the hall. They were then respectively "fitted" with scarves, and, without uttering a word, proceeded to the various rooms assigned for their reception to wait the hour when they should be summoned to follow the bier. By twelve o'clock the whole of the mourners had arrived at the mansion, and at this hour some dozen noble lords left the reception, or waiting rooms, and wandered in twos and threes to and fro in the spacious hall, conversing almost in whispers. While this was going on above, and doubtless there were amongst that distinguished company those who sincerely deplored the loss of their noble friend, a scene that struck one with sympathy was passing amongst the servants below. Tears in profusion were being shed for the loss of their good master. At the last moment some dozen of the domestics sought and were given permission to take a far well glance of the good duke, and one old lady, who numbered fully "three score years and ten," wept bitterly when she bade farewell to all that remained of the noble gentlemen, whom she said she had served upwards of thirty years. At ten minutes past twelve the house-porters entered the courtyard, followed by the estate horse. Then came the hearse, and simultaneously with its entry at the doors and windows of the surrounding wings were seen weeping faces, eager to catch a last glance of the coffin as it was borne away. The coaches for the mourners then entered the yard in quick succession and the cortege moved off.

As the procession defiled away, the crowd, who had been gradually assembling during the morning at Charing-cross and Parliament-street, had by this time become so dense that the superintendent deemed it expedient to place extra forces of men along the line of route to prevent anything like confusion.

Before half past ten o'clock numbers of those who had been favoured with tickets were striving to obtain admission through the cloisters into the Abbey, but even before then had been placed a number of persons armed with staves of black and brass tipped, and these kept the cloister gates so closely that until twelve noon were admitted. Little preparation had been made in the grand old church. There were none of those trappings of woe on either pulpit or lectern as has been heretofore the custom, and to all intents and purposes the Abbey wore its every-day appearance, save that it was filling rapidly, and that the men with the staves made themselves very prominent by walking about and doing little, in a noisy way. The vergers had plenty of occupation in showing to their seats fast-coming visitors, all of whom were mourning of greater or less depth of hue. The stalls in the nave, used for the choir at the great evening services, were occupied by lady friends of the cathedral dignitaries, and numbers of other ladies were accommodated with seats on benches placed along the nave from fluted pillar to fluted pillar, while along the wall others again were placed, all having an excellent view of the procession. And a bright sunshine pouring through the half-built up windows on the south side gave some warmth to the great building—in winter all too cold for comfort, and hardly conducive to devotion, save in the bosoms of such as are aesthetically inclined. By the time the procession had left Northumberland House the Abbey was nearly filled by a sombrely dressed throng; and they waited patiently until the arrival in Broad Sanctuary, when, as was inevitable, there was a little delay. About a quarter-past one o'clock the procession reached the grand west entrance. Then was formed the procession within the building, in the following order, up the nave, which was well lined with people to the foot of the steps of the high altar, where the coffin was placed upon a trestle, covered with black, the choir chanting the opening sentences, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," to Croft's music:—

The High Constable of Westminster.

The Beadle of the Abbey.

Jarvis and Child, Undertakers.

The Lid of Black Plumes.

One Page	Two Choristers.	Two Choristers.	One Page
Two Choristers.	Two Choristers.	Two Choristers.	
Two Choristers.	Two Choristers.	Two Choristers.	
Two Lay Vicars.	Two Lay Vicars.	Two Lay Vicars.	
Two Lay Vicars.	Two Lay Vicars.	Two Lay Vicars.	
Two Lay Vicars.	Two Lay Vicars.	Two Lay Vicars.	
Minor Canon.	Minor Canon.	Minor Canon.	
Minor Canon.	Minor Canon.	Minor Canon.	

Proctor.

The Reverend Mr. Haydon.

Four Queen's Scholars.	Four Queen's Scholars.
Four Queen's Scholars.	Four Queen's Scholars.
Four Queen's Scholars.	Four Queen's Scholars.
Four Queen's Scholars.	Four Queen's Scholars.
Two Queen's Scholars.	Two Queen's Scholars.
Rev. J. Marshall.	Rev. S. Andrews.
Rev. B. F. James.	Rev. C. A. Jones.
The Rev. C. B. Scott.	The Rev. H. M. Ingram.

The Canon's Verger.

The Rev. Dr. Wordsworth.

The Rev. Wm. Conway.

The Rev. E. Hawkins.

The Rev. E. Nepean.

Canon in Residence.

The Rev. J. Jennings.

The Dean's Verger.

The Dean.

The Ducal Coronet and Cushion.

THE BODY.

The Chief Mourner,  
The Right Honourable Lord Lovaine, M.P.  
Members of His Grace's Family.  
Personal Friends.

Members of His Grace's Establishment.

And when the coffin had been duly placed at the intersection of the arms of the cross which forms the ground plan of the Abbey one of the canons read the *psalm Dixi, custodiam*, and then followed the glorious lesson, so full of comfort to the mourners, "Now is Christ risen from the dead," a very canticle of consolation—a hymn of hope—an anthem of triumph even in the moment of death's seeming victory. And this was all in the choir, "Your labour is not in vain in the Lord" being the chord, as it were, of the solemn strain that was taken up at the grave by Dean Stanley, who occupied, just outside the "perpendicular" screen which forms a barrier to St. Nicholas, a desk draped in black cloth. Inside the chapel the

Ferret vault had been opened, and by it the richly light coffin was placed, the choir ranging themselves round the chapel, and the mourners standing by the gaping vault. So when the body had been lowered to the vault, where have long ago fallen into impassable dust the bones of the elder Percies, the handful of earth fell with a softened sound upon the velvet of the coffin lid, and with a smothered rattle on the great plate which proclaimed to all who looked into the vault the names and titles of "the most high, mighty, and puissant prince," whom now heralds will no more glorify. And then the dean read the consolation, "For as much as it hath pleased Almighty God," and as his voice died round the pillars and arches, the rich carving and the lofty aisles, the choir burst into the noble anthem, "I heard a voice from heaven." The dean then said the Kyrie and "Our Father," and when the two final prayers with the invocation of the blessing came to an end, clergy, and choir, and mourners, and mutes, left the little and crowded chapel to the grave-digger.

THE FUNERAL OF CARDINAL WISEMAN.

The illustration on page 603 represents the funeral of the late Cardinal Wiseman.

The funeral of a cardinal of the Church of Rome, and the services that take place prior to such an event, naturally created a good deal of excitement in London.

In the middle of the chapel in the cathedral of Moorfields, with his head to the east, lay the body of the cardinal in his coffin, which was hidden from public view by a pall, which for its simplicity might have been used in the case of the humblest member of his Church. It had on it the cross—symbolical of the faith professed by all members of the Christian Church—and was surmounted by the cardinal's red hat which was placed on a small black cushion. The appearance of the chapel, a miniature Madeleine, was very striking. A large number of persons were present.

Ten o'clock was the hour appointed for the commencement of the service, but it was not until nearly eleven that the first strains of the organ, and the first tinkling of a bell, heralded the procession of bishops and priests who were to take the leading part in the ceremony of the day. At this time nearly all the ambassadors and ministers representing foreign courts, who profess the Roman Catholic faith, were in their seats, and around the coffin were nearly eighty surprised observers, and other persons having a lower rank in the Church than the priesthood. The altar, with its splendid altarpiece representing the Crucifixion of the Lord, was brilliantly illuminated, and around the coffin were from thirty to forty lighted candles. The procession into the chapel was very imposing, consisting of about twenty bishops, with a long array of priests in full sacerdotal habits. Solemn mass for the dead was performed, those brilliant portions of it which are used on ordinary occasions being omitted.

Monsignore Manning, formerly Archdeacon of Chichester, in the Church of England, delivered an address from the pulpit. It can hardly be called a mortuary sermon, inasmuch as it was a sort of biographical account of the career of the deceased prelate. The preacher wore a purple robe with white lawn sleeves, contrasting somewhat strangely with the University black gown which those who knew him many years ago were accustomed to see him wear in his pulpit at Lavington. He chose no text, but prefaced his remarks with a short appeal in Latin, of which we believe the following will be found to be pretty nearly a literal translation:—

"Let Nicholas be long remembered, who built up again for us the walls that were cast down, and made strong the gates and bars, and built again our houses." The sermon was from beginning to end an elaborate eulogy on the deceased prelate, and lasted more than an hour and a half.

At the close of the address absolution was pronounced, and the coffin was incensed, after which the body was solemnly removed and placed in the hearse, and followed by ambassadors, bishops, priests, and a very large number of the Roman Catholic community residing in London. The procession started from Moorfields at about half-past two.

The following was the order of the procession:—  
Two Outriders.  
Coach and Pair, containing Archbishops.  
Clergy, Canons, Bishops, in about thirty or forty Coaches and Four.

Carriage and Six Horses.  
Twelve Attendants, with Crapes Armlets, and Cardinal's Monogram on Medallion.

THE BODY,  
Covered with a pall of cloth of gold, on a car drawn by Six Horses.  
Relatives, Executors, Medical Men, and Solicitors, in three Mourning Coaches and Four.

Domestics in Coach and Pair.  
Mourning Coaches and Pairs.  
Cardinal's Private Carriages.  
Queen Amalie's Carriage.  
Ambassadors' Carriages.  
Private Carriages.  
Occupants of Carriages.

First—Monsignore Boone, Canon Walker, Dr. Russell, and Canon Hearn.  
Second—Canons Morris, O'Kley, Searle, and Weathers.  
Third—Canons O'Neale, Last, Hunt, and Maguire.  
Fourth—Provost Manning, Bishops Cornthwaite, Amherst, and Clifford.

Fifth—Bishops Vaughan, Gore, Easkell, and Brown (Shrewsbury).  
Sixth—Bishops Turner, Grant, Ullathorne, and Brown (Newport).  
Seventh—Bishops Collier, Waring, and Morris, and Archbishop Oulton.

Eighth—Rev. W. Burke, Mr. Burke, Justice Shee, and Mr. N. Wiseman.  
Ninth—Monsignore Thompson, Mr. Bagshawe, Dr. Munk, and Mr. C. Hawkins.

Tenth—Mr. Tegart, jun., Mr. Hasting, and Mr. Bagshawe.  
Eleventh—Mr. Newman and Mr. Roper.

All along the road through which the procession was expected to pass crowds collected and increased in numbers as the time drew near. Such a scene as that which took place in the neighbourhood of Kensal-green Cemetery has not been seen there for many years. Carts, cabs, and omnibuses crowded the street running past the cemetery, and the small public-house known by the name of the Mason's Arms was filled from the attic to the cellar. At a quarter past three the bell of the chapel began to toll, and people passed in and out of the chapel through the black-draped doorway to pray for the repose of the cardinal's soul.

The grave, made by Mr. Glynn, the mason to the Catholic Cemetery, in the ground set apart for the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church, was eight feet deep, lined round with a nine-inch tier of bricks, and there were lime-washed. Round the grave, and about four feet on all sides of it, were placed barriers draped in black, and hung round with festoons of black and white cord, bedecked with white paper Maltese and Latin crosses. Without this, some fourteen feet, was another barrier similarly draped, and beyond this, some twenty yards, were other barriers within which kept by 250 Irishmen wearing white, red, and green pieces of ribbon in their buttonholes. These men were members of various local societies. 120 of them came from Father Kelly's Church, St. Mary Michael's; 100 from Father Chaurasia's, St. Anne's, Spitalfields; and thirty from St. Joseph's, Barchinaw.

At a quarter past five the procession of priests in white surplices came two and two, chanting as they came, and bearing simple wax

candles, unlighted, in their hands. In the midst of them came four of the canons of the diocese, two little boys bearing incense, and others bearing holy water. To the number of more than a hundred they came, and standing round the open grave they lighted their candles, and sang the "Miserere." Then came others, higher dignitaries of the Church, preceded by bearers of two large lighted candles, with a crucifix borne high between them, and with incense before them bearing incense. Then followed the coffin, borne from the hearse (waiting outside the chapel) by a small carriage made for the purpose. At the head of the grave, as the coffin was lowered, stood the bishops, and on either side of them were borne the two larger lighted candles and the crucifix, while at the four corners were borne the lighted candles in glass that had come in the procession. The service at the grave lasted about twenty minutes, and ended a little before six. The procession then went back as it had come, and the thousands of people gathered in the ground were allowed to pass the barriers and look at the coffin.

The grave will be for the present simply covered with a large slab of stone, cemented down; but what will be raised upon it, whether a monument or a "mortuary chapel," is at present undecided.

THE LADIES' DIOCESAN ASSOCIATION.

On Monday afternoon a meeting of ladies was held in the drawing-room of the Bishop of London's town residence, in St. James's-square, in connexion with the Ladies' Diocesan Association, which has been established for the metropolitan see. There were present, among many others, the Countess of Rothes, the Countess of Darlington, Lady Mary Widdow, Lady Cassilla Fortescue, Lady Culchicks, Lady Georgiana Russell, Lady Mary Farquhar, the Hon. Miss Campbell, the Hon. Miss Spring Rice, the Hon. Emma Talbot, the Hon. Mrs. Way, Mrs. W. E. Gladstone, Miss Bardett Coutts, and Mrs. Tait. Prayers were said in the chapel of London House, after which the ladies assembled in the drawing-room. The Bishop of London addressed them at some length on the objects he desired to be carried out by their Association. He enumerated various institutions which he considered worthy of support, among which were that of the Parochial Mission Women, the Hospital for incurables, and the Home in Ormond street, the Refuge in Newport-market. One great result of the exertions of ladies had been that a considerable number of young women had been able to emigrate, and thus permanently secure for themselves a respectable position in life. There was also in what had been done for needlewomen much cause for congratulation. There was less demand than formerly for the services of needlewomen, owing to the introduction of machinery, and the class there in need of employment had a strong claim to a helping hand. A society for the employment of needlewomen had been established. One object was to procure sewing machines for young women, and another was to assist those who were too old to learn by finding out some other work for them. Other institutions were orphan homes, and Queen Charlotte's Hospital, and with regard to the latter he thought it was most advisable to provide some security for those who came out of it against relapsing into the habits of sin, which had taken them there. One of the most melancholy features in connexion with both hospitals and workhouses had been the character of many of those persons who had been employed to nurse the sick and dying. Owing very much to Miss Nightingale's labours great improvements had been secured in this respect. Opportunities for the visits of lady nurses had been presented to King's College Hospital, in University College Hospital, and others. Visitors might assist patients dying of lingering diseases in their own homes after leaving the hospital. They might also do much by showing kindness to the families of the patients' children, who were deprived of the care and watchfulness of their mothers. There were other works. It would be a blessed thing if they could succeed in impressing upon young girls the desirableness of a life of honest industry. He hoped that they might be able to carry out still further what had been done in the way of associating ladies with the clergy in the work of densely populated and poor parishes. Much might be done by sympathy in these great works. But after all the work would make very little progress unless they carried it on as a religious work. The Rev. T. J. Russell, rector of St. Margaret's, Lothbury, pointed out many districts and places where the services of lady visitors would be welcomed. He particularly instanced the districts of Whitechapel and Charing-cross Hospital, Guy's, and the London Hospital, in the Whitechapel road. He said the workhouse of St. George's-in-the-East was still open, and admission might be obtained to St. Pancras. Many of the ladies present expressed their willingness to undertake new duties.

RESPONSIBILITY OF RAILWAY COMPANIES.

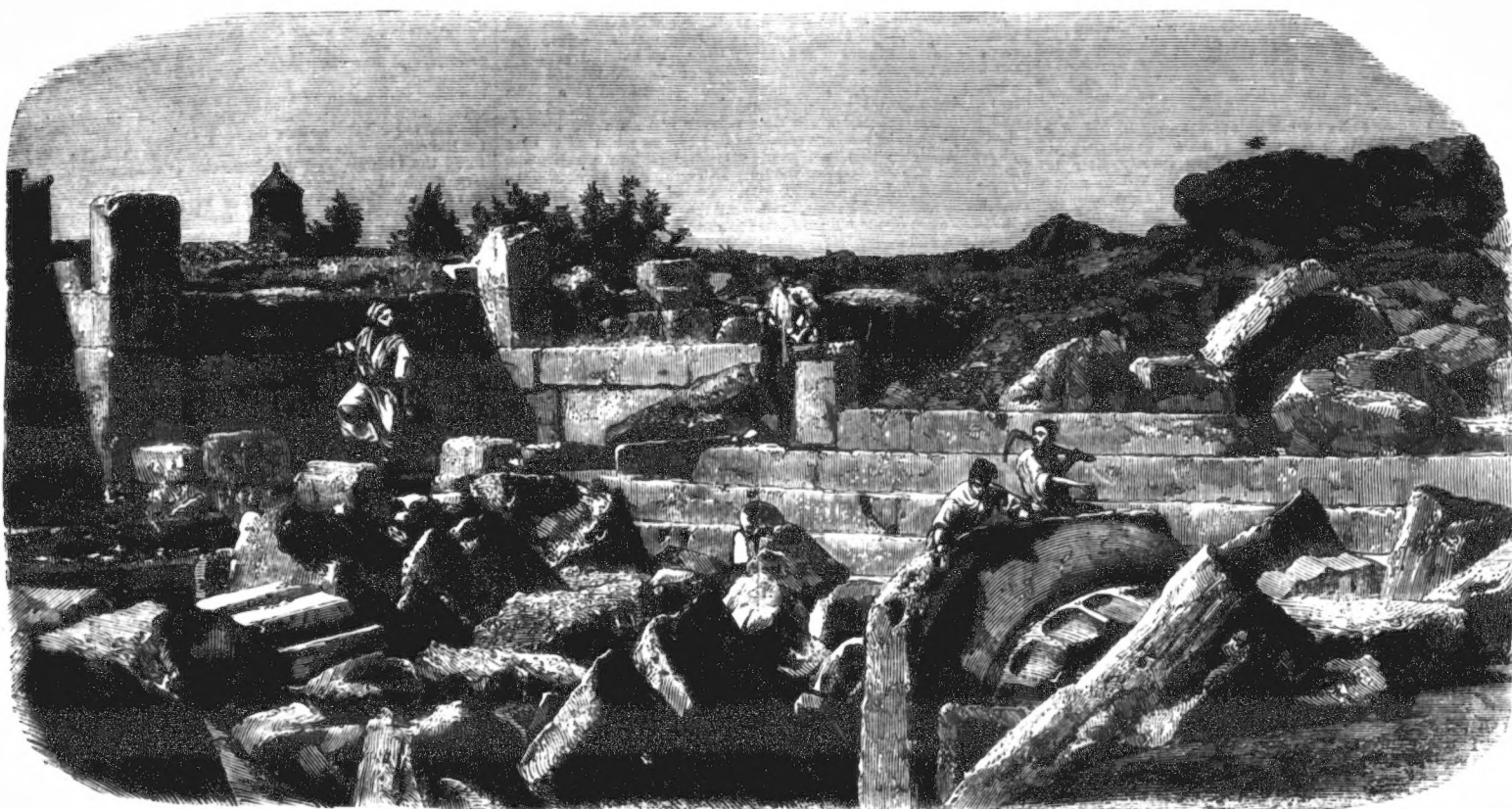
The Carliase seizure was brought to a close on Saturday by the trial of an action for £18 10s. claimed by a farmer from the North British Railway Company, in consequence of his stacks being set on fire by the sparks from one of their locomotives. The evidence as to the engine having set the stacks on fire seemed clear enough, and the question was as to whether the engine was properly fitted up with the wire gauze over the funnel, and the usual precaution against the emission of sparks. The defendants admitted the absence of the wire gauze, which they alleged to be useless, and contended that in other respects the engine was of the best modern construction. His lordship (Mr. Justice Steele), in summing up, told the jury that the defendants were authorized to run their train, and were not liable for a fire if they adopted the best known appliances to prevent sparks flying. Had they done so, was the question for the jury to decide. The jury found for the amount claimed by the plaintiff.

COMMUNICATION BETWEEN PASSENGERS AND GUARDS.

This important question appears at last to be in a fair way of settlement. The Government Inspector of railways has for some time been investigating the various proposals that have been submitted and plans tried by different railway companies, and has forwarded his plans to the Board of Trade. The railway clearing-house have also formed a committee of managers, who have been similarly occupied, but who have not yet produced their report. It is, however, known that their decision is against the adoption at present of any general plan, chiefly from the want of experience in the working of the electrical system so favourably noticed and approved by the Government Inspector. It is, we understand, arranged that the London and South-Western, the London and North-Western, and one or two other railway companies, shall try for a short period different plans, and then, after full and mature experience, the clearing-house committee will again meet and recommend for general use the most successful system. The system recommended by the Board of Trade, which is the design of Mr. W. E. Preece, the telegraph superintendent of the London and South-Western Railway Company, is very complete, and if continued use and practice prove it to be unobjectionable it will doubtless be universally adopted.

POPULATION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

In the year 1861 there were 780,763 children born in England, and 495,520 persons died; in Scotland there were 122,445 born, and 74,303 died. The birth rate in England was at the rate of 3.66 per cent. on the estimated population; in Scotland, 3.60 per cent.; and the death rate was 2.38 per cent. in England, and 3.35 in Scotland. Both birth rate and death rate were high, and above the average. The natural increase of population in the year, by excess of births over deaths, was 241,243 in England, and 48,142 in Scotland; in Great Britain, therefore, 289,385. But there were 73,365 Englishmen or Scotchmen among the 208,900 emigrants from the United Kingdom in the year. The population of England in the middle of the year 1861 is estimated at about 20,772,000; of Scotland, 3,118,700; of Great Britain, therefore, 23,890,700—an increase of 762,182 since the census of April, 1861.



RUINS OF A SACRED EDIFICE AT ELEUSIS.

#### EXCAVATIONS AT ELEUSIS.

THE village of Eleusis, or Lepsina, in Greece, is beautifully situated at the bottom of a gulf formed by the sea. The island of Salamis forms the entrance of the gulf to which it has given its name. To thoroughly enjoy the view presented of the sea, islets, and island, it is necessary to ascend a small mountain, formerly the Acropolis of Eleusis. Hence one perceives the traces of a jettee, the remains of a fort destroyed by time. Above rises, in the form of an amphitheatre, the declivities of Egaleus and Korydalus. The arches of a Roman aqueduct, which brought the water to the city, are also relics of ancient civilization. To the left, the eye is arrested by the village of Thria, which gives its name to this portion of the place, strewed with vines, olive, and fig-trees. One can imagine the grandeur which the Temple of Ceres added to this delightful region. The celebrity of this sanctuary, which is the product of an age of architectural marvels, led the French Government to institute a series of excavations. These

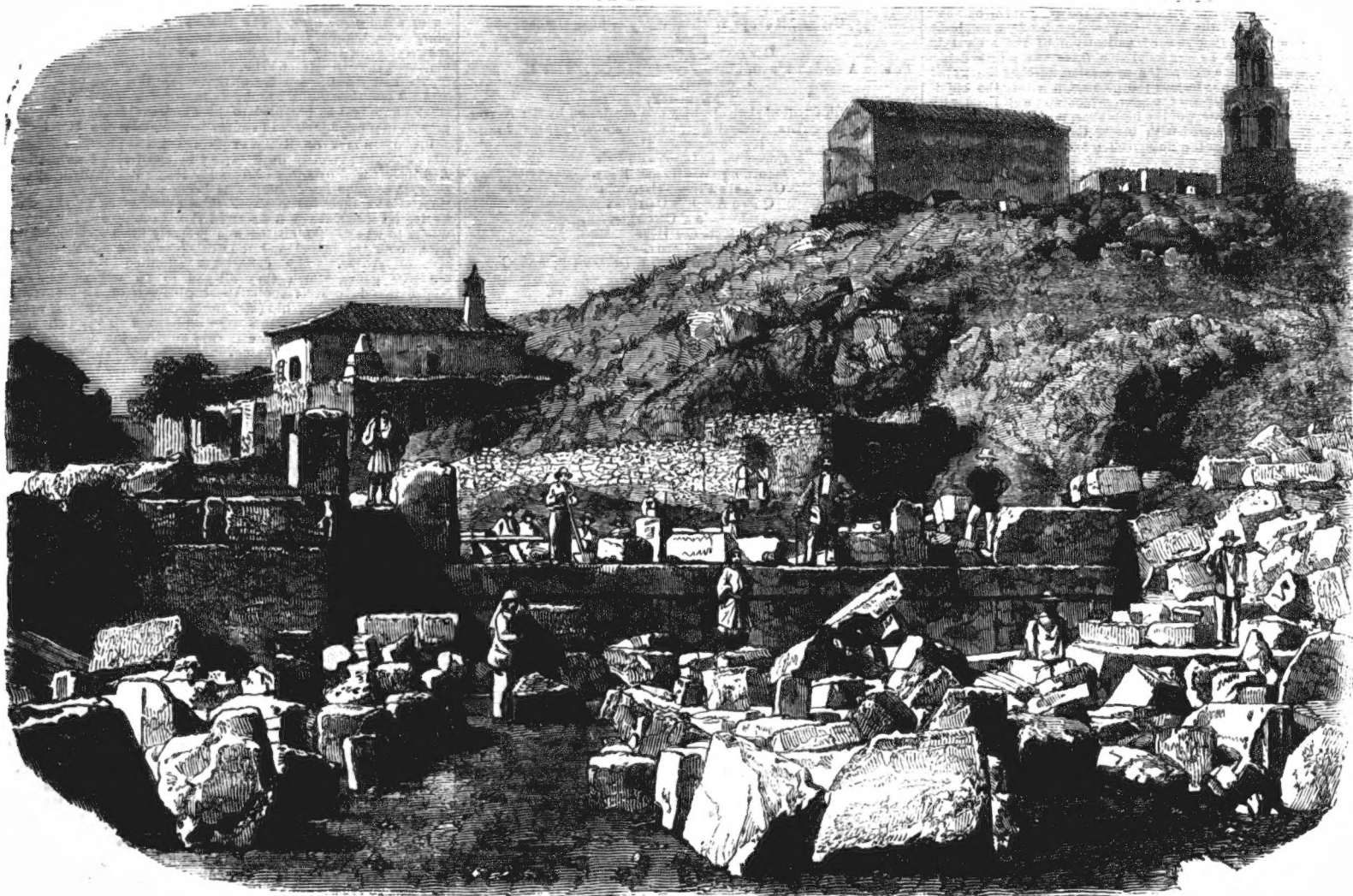
have been undertaken by an engineer of eminence, and many ancient curiosities have been the result of his labours. The ruins of a temple dedicated to Diana have been discovered, and many other monuments of days now long gone by. Here, as in other parts of the world, the ravages committed by Goths and Vandals have been great. We give two illustrations of the antiquities already brought to light.

#### THE ROAD TO UTAH.

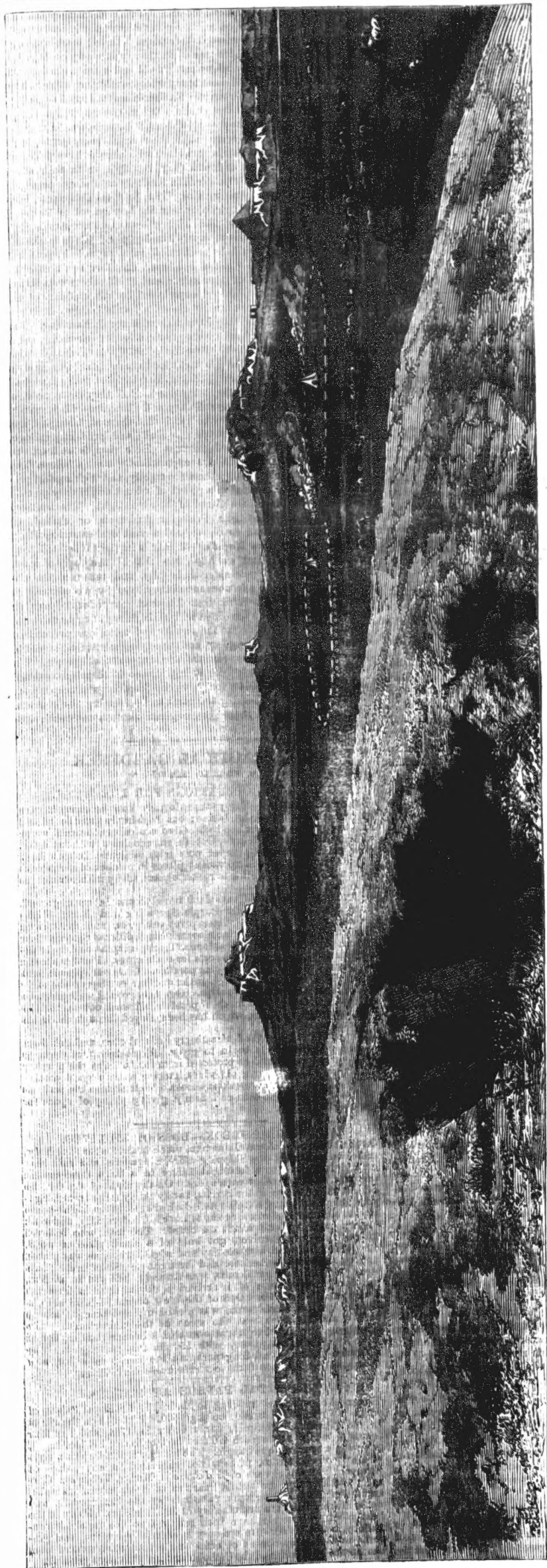
We give on page 597 two sketches of the road to Utah. In the first of these pictures is shown the mode of camping adopted by American travellers. As the company is large, they have formed themselves into two circles called coralls. This management is every way better than an extended line, or an irregular dotting about of waggons. Besides the advantage of keeping all the members of a large party snug and in sight of each other, a corall serves as a barricade in case of attack from Indians; and as an enclosure into

which horses or cattle may be driven when they are to be harnessed or yoked. Cattle are very restless during storms, and if left unguarded they are driven before the wind and rain, far a way from camp; and should it be dark as well as stormy, the only remedy is to drive them at once into the middle of the corall.

Scott's Bluffs were named, it is said, after a Colonel Scott who was killed by a bear while hunting here. The bluffs are of immense size, and have been worn by time and washed by rain into resemblances of castles, towers, and, as one shifts one's position, into various other strange forms. When illuminated by the rising or setting sun they are wonderfully beautiful—the parts illuminated being of a rich orange, while the shadows are of that glorious blue which Holman Hunt was bold enough to paint in his picture of the "Scape Goat." The misery of Hunt's goat could not exceed that of the wretched cow literally in the wilderness lost and fallen amongst wolves, who are waiting with infernal patience for the darkness of night to enable them to make their attack with safety.



FURTHER DISCOVERIES AT ELEUSIS.



THE ROAD TO UTAH.—SCOTT'S BLUFF. (See page 596.)



SKETCHES ON THE ROAD TO UTAH.—RANGE OF ROCKS ON THE PLATTE. (See page 596.)

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**CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.**  
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Moon's Changes.—First Quarter, 4th, 12h. 19m. p.m.  
Sunday Lessons.  
Gen. 19 to v. 30; Luke, 16.  
Gen. 22; Phil. 4.

**NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.**  
\* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their obscurity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.  
To OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS at the Office 311, Strand.  
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BATA.—The mineral spring at Kilsbun is stated to be more strongly impregnated with curative acrimony than any other known spring in England.  
B. F. T.—St. Clement's Dance is supposed to have originated from its having been the site of the Danish churchyard, dedicated to the patron saint of the Danish seamen. A son of Canute, Harold Harefoot, is said to have been buried here.  
E. C. C.—You are in error. Hugh, the second Duke of Northumberland, died at Alnwick Castle; he remains were then taken to Northumberland House, and from thence to Westminster Abbey, on Feb. 22nd, 1817. The funeral procession on that occasion reached from Charing-cross to the western door of the Abbey.  
B. W.—Margaret Tassard was born at Birse, in Switzerland, in 1769. She came to London in 1812, and exhibited her magic at the Lyceum, Strand. She died in London, April 15th, 1856, aged sixty years.  
COURT TALK.—Mr. Buckton did not appear, we believe, at the Surrey Assizes.  
MART T.—The Church Penitentiary Association is at 95, Lincoln's Inn-fields. Apply to the secretaries, the Rev. Thomas Woodhouse, or E. L. Bickett, M.D.  
SCOTIA.—Braham first appeared at the Royal Theatre, Wells-street, Well-close-square, as Cepheid, in 1787.  
SMOKE.—Tobacco was first introduced into England about the year 1583. It is John Calvin was born in 1509, and died in 1564, aged fifty-five years.  
ENGLAND.—The public expenditure last year was £68,328,863. The surplus income exceeded that amount by upwards of two millions and a quarter.  
SHAKESPEARE.—There was a theatre at Newington-butt prior to the building of the Globe Theatre. "Titus Andronicus," "Hamlet," and "Taming of the Shrew" were performed there.  
E. C.—The pension of Lord Brougham is £5,000 per annum.  
E. C. G.—An ordinary divorce costs about £30. Send us your address and will recommend you a respectable London solicitor.

**THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.**  
SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1865.  
REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.  
THE public will hear with great regret that Lord Lyons has been compelled by the state of his health to resign the post of British minister at Washington, which he has filled for six years with so much ability and judgment. No one, indeed, who knows the nature of the work which he has had to discharge during the last four years of his office will be surprised at his being compelled to retire. The mere physical labour which has been entailed upon him would alone be enough to account for the necessity of his resignation. Mr. Layard gave an account the other night of the business which has been transacted during the last three or four years at the Washington embassy, and, except upon such authority, the amount would be almost incredible. The correspondence of one year filled sixty large folio volumes. In less than three years there were 13,918 entries of single despatches in the Foreign-office registers, and nearly all of these contained enclosures, one of them having no less than 203. The close and multitudinous relations of this country with America, have, in fact, been entangled and twisted in inextricable confusion, and these voluminous letters and enclosures are probably but an inadequate representation of the innumerable knots which Lord Lyons has had to untie. Questions of blockade and of nationality, complaints from British subjects, demands by the British Government, the volatile despatches of Mr. Seward, and his incessant demands and representations—all these combined have tasked the energies of the mission and the supervision of the minister to a probably unprecedented extent. But the amount of the business thus transacted must, after all, have been the least part of its burden. The anxiety of the office must have been far more trying than its labour. Seldom has there been a more important post at a more critical time. The consequences which have depended for the last few years on the due conduct of our relations with the United States have been momentous in the extreme, and there has scarcely been any moment within that period at which those relations might not have been compromised by a failure in courtesy or discretion. Mr. Lincoln's Government, indeed, has, it must be confessed, displayed a creditable or a prudent self-control under the various excitements of the time; yet the temper of the American public has constantly been such that a slight indiscretion on our part might have made it impossible for the President and his minister to be more moderate than the people whom they represent. It reflects the greatest credit on Lord Lyons that during this critical and difficult period he has uniformly smoothed the roughness and adjusted the difficulties which arose, and that Mr. Layard could say the other night that "in no one instance has he not received the entire approval of her Majesty's Government." The more satisfactorily, however, he has filled his difficult post, the greater our regret at his enforced retirement, particularly at a moment when clouds on all sides threaten a difficult if not a stormy course to the plot of our interests in America. Lord Lyons has seen the ship of the American State drift from a safe harbour into the unknown waters of a dangerous and tempestuous sea. It is no wonder if he is overwearied by the strain of watching her perilous course, but he resigns a difficult and uncertain task to his successor. The successor of Lord Lyons in this momentous post will be Sir Frederick Bruce, who at present holds the office of minister in China, but happens opportunely to be in England. There is no reason to doubt that in making this selection the Government have had ample regard to the qualifications necessary for the office. Sir F. Bruce has greatly distinguished himself by his conduct of our troublesome negotiations with the Court of Peking; and though he will have very different persons to deal with in Washington, yet a man who has been energetic, acute, and successful in one place, will probably be energetic and acute, and will at least deserve to be successful, in another.

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A real picture of life in the Home Angel, and beautifully is the character drawn. One Penny; all booksellers.  
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origin or secret. In several London drawing rooms they exhibited their rope-tying faculties, and their turbulent musical instruments; and not a few who witnessed their tricks believed there was really something in them which was more than philosophy could fathom or explain. These credulous persons did not seem to reflect that professed conjurers had done many things much more extraordinary than the feats of the Davenport Brothers; nor that so long as their tricks were ascribed to the public gaze merely as tricks, no one thought of putting any superstitious faith in them. But when another class of conjurers made their appearance, professing a supernatural agency, men and women who should have had more respect for their own understanding, readily gave in their assent that there was a higher power than a merely natural one concerned in the production of these results. The Brothers Davenport, however, had the misfortune to appear in London while Professor Anderson was exhibiting, and this gentleman was not slow in challenging their pretensions to supernatural power. When he showed that the rope trick could be performed quite as well by professed conjurers as by the "glit d brothers," the Davenport disciples began to be ashamed of themselves, and the Brothers were fain to retire from the metropolis and experiment on the credulity of the provinces. But they have fared worse there than in London. At Liverpool and Huddersfield they have met with rough handling. The shrewd wife of these towns were prepared for the encounter, and a knot, appropriately called "Tom fool's knot," was invented, which the Brothers found to be too tight for their wrists. Our readers know the result—the Davenport jugglers have at both places had to decamp; and though they were due at Hull they made no sign. They had heard that Messrs. Hulley and Cummins—the inventors of the "Tom-fool's knot," who had baffled them at Liverpool and Huddersfield—had followed them to Hull; and, prudently enough, they "postponed" their performances. Here, then, is at least one Spiritual bubble burst. The Davenport Brothers are a failure. The "Tom-fool's knot" has tied them too tightly, and their modest pretensions to the possession of a power of whose origin they pretend to be ignorant, have been placed in their true light. The Brothers are simply conjurers, like Professor Anderson, or Frikell, or Houdin, only not half so clever, and a vast deal more impudent. We hope the *Spiritual Magazine*—if that is its right title—will take note of this fact; and we hope, too, that all the dupes of spirit manifestations will reconsider their folly, and renounce the absurdities to which in a fatuous mood they have given credence. It is truly lamentable to think that Christian men, educated men, or men whose minds are illumined with a single ray of common sense, should have ever listened to the puerile and ridiculous pretensions of table-turning, spirit-rapping, and rope-tying monstrosities which have deluded so many credulous and superstitious people. We have never attached the slightest importance to these pretensions. But it is certainly a matter for grave consideration and deep regret, that any individuals bearing the name and possessing the common sense of Englishmen should have given them a moment's credence.

## THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

**GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.**  
**FLOWER GARDEN.**—Hardy annuals may now be sown in open ground when the weather is fine; but half-hardy annuals should still be sown on a slight hot-bed. Give arbutus additional water and air at favourable times. Get in ranunculuses without delay. Sow polyanthus in pans or pots with a gentle bottom heat. Peg down pansies. Fill up vacant places in patches of herbaceous plants. Pay every attention to rockeries, and fill up with herbaceous and other plants.  
**KITCHEN GARDEN.**—Transplant broad beans in open ground. Sow American cress; also Purple Sprouting and Early White broccoli for autumn use. Transplant cabbages, and draw earth round the stems of early sorts; also make an additional sowing. Sow onions, parsley, chervil, and cardoons. Transplant peas, and make additional sowings of favourite sorts for main crops. Plant main and early crops of potatoes as early as possible. Thin out spinach, and make additional sowings; also, make another sowing of the early Dutch, stone, or snowball turnips. Get the ground well prepared for further sowings, and finish, if possible, all work out for the past two or three weeks, which has been stayed through the frosts and snow.  
**FRUIT GARDEN.**—Weed strawberry beds at once, and get them clean before the plants begin to grow. Fruit trees that begin to show early buds should be protected from frosts. Use the pruning knife pretty freely among old vines, cutting away a good portion of the old wood and the weakest shoots. Well cleanse the walls as well as the vines, and then nail firmly, giving plenty of space for growing.

**AWFUL SHIPWRECK.—LOSS OF 550 LIVES.**  
On the 12th of January a Chinaman, much bruised about the body, presented himself at the Shipping-office, Singapore, and said that he had left Swatow a fortnight before in a large three-masted schooner, with 550 other passengers. On the night of the 6th, he said, at the entrance to the Straits, barely thirty miles from Singapore, the vessel going at full speed, dashed against the Light-house Rocks: a moment afterwards she fell back, filled rapidly, and sunk in deep water, with all hands on board. The man, who believed himself the only survivor, got hold of a small piece of wood, on which he floated a whole day and night, when he was picked up by some Rio fishermen, and brought to Singapore. This story, so fearful in its details, was scarcely believed in at first, but fatal confirmation of it arrived a day afterwards from the Dutch resident at Rio. One of the crew of the ill-fated ship, a Swede, named Christensen, was picked up, and brought ashore at Rio, and his story was the same as the Chinaman's. The vessel was the Hamburg three-masted schooner Canton, bound from Swatow to Singapore, with 550 Chinese passengers. The Chinaman that reached Singapore and the European sailor, now in hospital at Rio, are the sole survivors.—*Strait Times.*

**THE ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID.**  
THE most conspicuous building in Madrid is the Royal Palace, of which we give an illustration on page 600. It stands on the site of the old Alcazar of Philip II, burnt down in 1734, and has four fronts of white stone (each 470 feet in length and 100 feet high), enclosing a spacious quadrangle. The interior is fitted up in a style of costly magnificence, perhaps not surpassed in any palace of Europe. The ceilings are *chef d'œuvre* of Mengs, Velasquez, Corrado, and Tiepolo; the richest marbles of Spain adorn its walls, and the rooms are hung with paintings by the best masters, and noble mirrors from the manufactory of St. Ildefonso. Many of the best pictures, however, have been removed to the royal picture-gallery in the Prado. Its armoury is especially curious, and presents numerous specimens of arms and accoutrements taken from the Moors by Ferdinand the Catholic and his victorious generals.

ARREST OF THE SUPPOSED CORNHILL BURGLARS,  
AND RECOVERY OF PROPERTY.

At Bow-street Police-court, on Saturday, William Henry Geoffrey, Thomas Casaley, Thomas Brewerton, Anne Casaley, Martha Geoffrey, and Louisa Brewerton, were brought up before Mr. Flower, in custody of Inspector Brannan, of the F division, charged with breaking and entering the premises of Mr. Walker, jeweller, Cornhill, and also on suspicion of being concerned in breaking and entering the premises of Mr. Abrahams, jeweller, Strand.

The case excited considerable interest. The court was crowded with spectators. The Duke of Edinburgh, Lord Methuen, Sir Richard Mayne, and Mr. Russell occupied seats on the bench.

Mr. Abrams appeared for Mr. Abrahams; Mr. G. Lewis, of Ely-place, for Mr. Walker; and Mr. Kemp, the barrister, for the male prisoners.

Mr. John Thomas Walker: I assist my father, Mr. John Walker, 68, Cornhill, 230, Regent-street, and Palace-street, jeweller. On the 4th of February, at half-past five o'clock, I left my father's premises in Cornhill, leaving the place in charge of Smith, whose duty it was to see all safe. I went to the Regent-street premises. On Monday morning I came to the premises about half-past nine o'clock, when I found them in charge of the police, and property to the value of £6,000 was missing, consisting of watches and jewellery. The safe was broken open and its contents were gone. I have seen this morning in the custody of the police a quantity of property which I identify as belonging to my father. There are fifty-two watches and a quantity of chains. They are part of the property which I saw safe on the 4th of February. I should think the property in the hands of the police amounts to about £1,800. The house had been broken open. An entrance had first been made into the premises of Sir Charles O'Connell, then a hole had been made in the floor, and, by means of a rope ladder, they had descended to the premises of Marshall and Harris, tailors, and cut through a partition that divided the shop from ours. They did not succeed in getting through that in consequence of some iron plates. They then descended the staircase to a workshop, from which they cut a hole through the ceiling and through the floor of the shop.

Inspector Potter, of the G division of police: Between two and three o'clock yesterday I went to 142, Whitechapel-road, in company with Inspector Brannan, of the F division, Sergeant Moss, of the City police, and other officers. After placing officers at the rear of the house, I entered and saw the two Geoffreys and the two Brewertons in the shop. I said, "Barrister and Branton (the names by which I know them), you must consider yourselves in custody for being concerned with others in several jewel robberies in the Strand." At the same time taking Barrett (Geoffrey) by the collar, while Moss took Branton (Brewerton). At that time I saw something pass from Geoffrey to the woman Brewerton. I immediately gave the woman Geoffrey into the custody of Ranger and another constable. The woman Branton ran up-stairs, and I followed her. Before I could reach the top of the stairs to the woman, I heard the door lock. The woman Branton had shut herself in the room. I said, "Let me in immediately, or I will break the door open." As she did not open I did it. I saw as I entered the room the woman Branton putting something in her pocket. I seized her. She struck me in the face and caught hold of me by the hair. Sergeant Moss came to my assistance and released me. I said to her, "Give me the property I saw you putting in your pocket." She said, "I have no property." We searched her, and I took from her pocket three parcels, containing twenty-five, thirty, and ten gold chains respectively, and some other jewellery, all identified by Mr. Walker. Hearing a scuffle below, I left her in charge of an officer in uniform, and went down stairs, where I found Branton struggling with the officers. We took the four prisoners to the station-house. I afterwards returned, made a further search, and found several other pieces of jewellery. At the station I took three gold rings from the woman Branton's fingers, and a pair of earrings from her ears. Afterwards I went with Moss and others to 13, Ely-terrace, at the back of the Bow-road. Both these houses are in the county of Middlesex and in the metropolitan police district. I there saw the woman Casaley. She put her head out of window. I said, "Open the door." She asked, "Who and what are you?" I replied, "We are police officers, and you must open the door quickly." Finding she would not do so I forced it open. I ran up-stairs and saw a woman leave the room.

Casaley: I beg your pardon, sir; I met you on the stairs, if you remember.

Witness continued: On arriving at the top of the stairs I saw Casaley in the front room, where I had just seen the woman. By that time officers in uniform had arrived. They were posted at the front and back door. Myself and Sergeant Moss then went into the room which I had seen the woman leave. She said Geoffrey, calling him "Billy," lived in it. In that room there was a box locked. Sergeant Moss broke it open. It contained a number of gold watches—fifty-two, I believe—a number of Albert gold neck-chains, and various other articles of property. On the bed was a life-preserver, false moustache and whiskers, a quantity of silk, and other property, all of which I believe to be the produce of other robberies. After making further search I had the prisoners conveyed to the station-house.

Cross-examined by Mr. Kemp: I found in the house I first mentioned Geoffrey and the woman he calls his wife. I am sure she is not his wife; also Brewerton, and the other woman, who, I have no doubt, is his wife. They are the only persons living there. I know that by watching the house. It is three storeys high. Only certain rooms are inhabited. The house in Ely-terrace is a four-roomed house. Two days before the premises were taken I saw goods taken into both houses. The whole of the watches have been identified by Mr. Walker. On the road to the station, in a cab, Casaley said to me, "What robberies are you going to buff to me." I said, "That is an after consideration; you will be told that at the station."

Mr. Kemp: What is the meaning of "buff?"

Witness: It implies, "What are you going to charge to me—to secure me of." He continued, "I have nothing to do with the shawl robbery; I was at Liverpool for Johnson's; I was doing time (meaning he was in prison). I will tell you all about Walker's. I am in right for that. If you will square it for me, I will tell you all about it." I replied, "Remember, I make you no promise whatever in reference to that." I found £240 in gold; and two receipts, one for £250, and one for £150, paid into the Westminster Bank.

After some further evidence, the prisoners were all remanded. In addition to the before-named prisoners, James Hurley and Ellen Hurley were charged on remand on Tuesday, at Bow-street Police-court, with being concerned in the same burglaries.

The case excited considerable interest, and much eagerness was manifested both inside and outside to catch a glimpse of the prisoners. Indeed, at eleven o'clock so great was the crowd in Bow-street that Mr. Superintendent Durkin deemed it advisable to place a body of police on duty to preserve order.

Mr. Flower, the magistrate, took his seat soon after twelve o'clock, by which hour the body of the court was densely crowded, while on the bench were seated Lord Hay, Sir Richard Mayne, Lord George Gordon Bruce, Lord Lanes, &c.

After the magistrate had been seated some time, he inquired the reason the prisoners were not brought into court.

Sergeant Moss said the delay was occasioned in consequence of one of the prisoners being detained in the gaoler's room, with the view of ascertaining if he could be recognised by some of the witnesses while among other persons.

The four female prisoners were the first placed in the dock. They all appeared very unwell, and much chafallen. The male prisoners appeared rather indifferent than otherwise.

Mr. Lewis applied, on behalf of Mr. Walker, of Cornhill, and Mr. Johnson, of Threadneedle-street, whose joint loss amounted to £10,000, to have the case remanded to the Mansion House, in order that the prisoners might be tried in conjunction with the man already in custody there.

The magistrate granted the application, and the prisoners were accordingly removed.

## DARING ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE.

Two men, named Coster and Hurley, with Jane Tyler and Mary Ann Smith, very young women, were indicted at the Old Bailey for a robbery with violence.

Mr. Metcalfe and Mr. Orridge conducted the prosecution; Mr. Harry Palmer defended Coster and Tyler.

The prosecutor was Mrs. Reynolds, eighty-two years of age, a messenger in the employment of Messrs. Ricketts and Smith, coal merchants. On Wednesday evening, the 21st of December, he was carrying a leather bag containing £63 8s. 6d., from their office in Mile-end to one of their coal depots in the Commercial-road. He left about six o'clock, and a lad named Stevens had seen him safe as far as the Horseferry branch road, and then left him. He was then carrying his umbrella across his shoulder, with the bag slung at the end of it. After the boy and he had parried company a man came suddenly behind him, put his knee into the small part of his back, and, bending him backwards, placed a treacle plaster over his eyes, while another threw him down, and, kicking him when down, snatched the bag of money from him. As he lay on the ground he saw the two men, one of whom he knew to be the prisoner Coster, run across the road and past a crowd of people who were listening to some musicians in front of a public-house. On getting up he went towards the crowd shouting, "Stop thief!" He asked the female prisoner, Smith, who was in the crowd, which way the man with the leather bag had gone. She pointed in a direction exactly contrary to that in which he had seen him run. The complainant had been accustomed to carry money every evening along the same route for three or four years, and the prisoner Coster, who had been a coal porter in the same service as he, knew that. A policeman at a neighbouring public-house had seen the male prisoners together near the scene of the robbery some time it was committed, and a witness spoke to seeing one of the two hand something to two young women, who immediately ran away. Presently afterwards the female prisoners, one of whom carried something bulky, ran into "a house of accommodation" in the neighbourhood and asked to be allowed to go into the yard. The landlady refused, and while they were parleying, a man somewhat taller than either of the male prisoners ran past the door, followed by the prosecutor, with treacle running down his face. On the two women being refused admission into the yard they ran under a railway arch, and the landlady lost sight of them. About a month after the robbery the prisoner Smith, a girl about sixteen, was taken into custody and charged with being concerned in it. She then made a voluntary statement to the effect that she had £3 10s. of the money, Bill Hurley £3 10s., and Sam Coster and Jane Tyler the rest. The prisoners Coster and Tyler were arrested the same evening. They were then living together in apartments, the furniture in which was quite new, and under a mattress a purse was found concealed with a receipt for £9 14s. for furniture bought on the 27th of December, less than a week after the robbery. The constable who apprehended them had remarked upon the new furniture; upon which the prisoner Coster said it was not his, that he took the lodgings ready furnished, and he appealed to the landlady in proof of what he said, but she, on the contrary, said he took them unfurnished, and had since furnished them.

The jury found the prisoner Coster "Guilty" of the robbery, and "Convicted" the women Tyler and Smith as receivers with a guilty knowledge. They "Acquitted" the prisoner Hurley. The Recorder sentenced Coster to five years' penal servitude, and Tyler and Smith to twelve months' imprisonment each.

THE GREAT BURGLARIES IN THE CITY.—The apprehension of the burglars connected with the great robbery of jewellery and watches from the shop of Mr. Walker, in Cornhill, appears to have terrified some of the possessors of the stolen property, as the following facts will testify:—On Saturday afternoon, as two Thames police constables were rowing under Blackfriars-bridge, their attention was drawn to something glittering on one of the piers of the new bridge of the Oldham and Dover Railway, which proved to be two valuable gold watches, with Mr. Walker's name on them. It was quite evident they must have been thrown by some person from the temporary wooden bridge alongside, with the intention of their going into the river. The officers immediately communicated the circumstance to Mr. Dinkin, of the metropolitan police, who soon ascertained that the watches formed part of those stolen. Suspecting that there might be some more of the stolen property in the river, he obtained the assistance of a diver, who, on Sunday, went down and succeeded in finding two more gold watches; and on Monday the divers again went down and recovered two other gold watches, each being worth forty to fifty guineas, and these have been all identified by Mr. Walker. The divers are still at work, and it is expected more will be recovered. The watches do not appear to have been in the water more than a few hours, and the inference is, that they were thrown into the river immediately after the apprehension of the burglars.—*Shipping Gazette.*

A MASQUERADE IN PARIS.—A masked ball was given at the hotel of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs. A Paris letter says:—Madame Drouyn De Lhuys, dressed to the costume of Cleopatra the success of the evening; and it was certainly most remarkable, the black hieroglyphics and massive gold, in Egyptian device, on the white *drap de velours* train and silver petticoat, being most characteristic, and having so striking an effect that the dense crowd assembled to make way for the Egyptian queen. Lady Cowley wore a domino of white lace, which was most becoming. Lady Feodora Wellesley wore an English Court dress of the time of Queen Anne. Lord Cowley merely wore a Venetian cloak, as did also Lord Albert Leveson Gower and Mr. Miles. Lady Edward Thynne wore a black domino. There was one Indian squaw, whose costume was entirely composed of feathers, which were not, however, transparent. Madame Drouyn De Lhuys did the honours with her usual grace and fascination, and well recalled the traditions of the courtly epoch which her gorgeous costume of the time of Louis XV. typified. Her coiffure consisted of a mass of diamonds. Madame de Lima, as a winged Mercury, looked lovelier than ever; the *reflet* of her many-coloured wings was truly dazzling. The mysterious black domino with the blue shoulder-knot was walking about leaning on one of the equerries of the Tuilleries. A fair friend of mine to whom the domino was introduced as an English lady compatriot whom she was requested to patronise, tapped this mysterious personage on the shoulder, and, bent on discovering her identity, tried to elicit a reply to her questions in her native language, and then had recourse to French, but was fain to retire from the one-sided war of words, as the domino with the blue shoulder-knot had taken the vow of silence for the nonce. The domino was right, as that domino generally is, for his or her voice is well known in Europe. When I add that Prince Kossakow was disguised as a Russian peasant, Mr. Miles as Cleopatra, Madame Bartholomai as a peacock, the lovely Pole, Madame de Schinskoff, as Pallas, the classic wagon and horses forming a helmet which was wonderful to behold, I shall have told you of the prominent characters of the evening, with the exception of the Princess de Metternich, who shot her never-failing wit and ready repartees with unerring skill at the passers-by.

## TRAWLING BY NIGHT.

THE large illustration on page 601 represents a portion of the deck of a smack, illuminated by the light of a lantern suspended in the rigging, and the time chosen by the artist is when the trawl-beam has been hauled up alongside, and the net cast over on to the deck, that the fish contained in it may be taken out.

All the large fishing ports of England fit out vessels called trawlers. The largest number haul from Barking, Ramsgate, Dover, Brixham, and most of the ports of Devonshire and Cornwall. They are generally fine cutters, from forty to a hundred tons burden, and manned with from six to ten hands. Most of these vessels, though belonging to most distant parts of England, congregate together in certain parts of the North Sea for the purpose of carrying on their fishing operations—the banks, or fishing grounds there, being the most prolific of fish, as well as being particularly adapted for the practice of trawling—that is, being free from rocks and stony rugged places at the bottom.

From the mouth of the Thames to the mouth of the Elbe, and from the east of Yorkshire across to the coast of Jutland, the bottom of the sea consists of numerous banks of sand, clay, small shells, and gravel; these banks are not steep-sided ridges and hills, but are a series of plains and sloping grounds, with no very great depth of water between them at any place. The longest of these is called the Great Dogger—it extends right across the North Sea; there is also the Little Dogger, the Great and Little Fisher, the White Bank, the Well Bank, the Brown Bank, and innumerable others. The Brown Bank was formerly considered by the Dutch to be the richest fishery-ground throughout the North Sea, and to yield the finest fish, and Brown Bank plaice were always held in the highest estimation. It is upon these banks that the smacks from all parts congregate to fish, and it is a common occurrence to see a fleet of several hundreds all working within a few miles of each other. The vessels engaged in the fishery are of necessity obliged to stay at sea several weeks at a time; it is therefore necessary to provide some means of carrying the result of their labours to market; for this purpose a fleet of swift sailing clipper smacks have been built, and are employed in carrying the fish from the fishing-grounds, either to B lingsgate direct, or some of the ports on the east coast, from whence it is passed up to market by railway.

The practice of trawling consists in dragging along the bottom of the sea a large open-mouthed, conical-shaped net, in such a manner that the fish lying upon the bottom are forced into it; and when it has been dragged along the bottom a sufficient distance, it is hauled up to the vessel's side, the mouth being then closed, and the fish secured as in a bag.

The trawl is constructed in the following manner:—A large piece of timber is provided, varying in length (thirty feet would be an ordinary size); this is called the trawl-beam. At each end of it is placed a heavy piece of iron work, the shape of which will be best understood by referring to the engraving. From each end of these pieces of iron, which are called the trawl-heads, there extends a thick rope, to which is fastened one side of the nets. Attached to the middle of the trawl-beam is a long and very strong rope, called the trawl-rope.

When the trawl is to be used, it is lowered to the bottom of the sea; the trawl-rope, one end of which is attached to the trawl-beam and the other to the vessel, then drags the net along the bottom as the vessel passes through the water.

The trawl-rope drawing on the beam causes the two pointed ends of the trawl-heads to scrape along the sand and draw the edge of the net, which is fastened to the thick rope before alluded to, so close to the bottom, that all the fish that lie upon it must of necessity pass into the net between its lower and upper edge. Once in, they pass quickly into the after part of the net, which is narrowed to a point and fastened there.

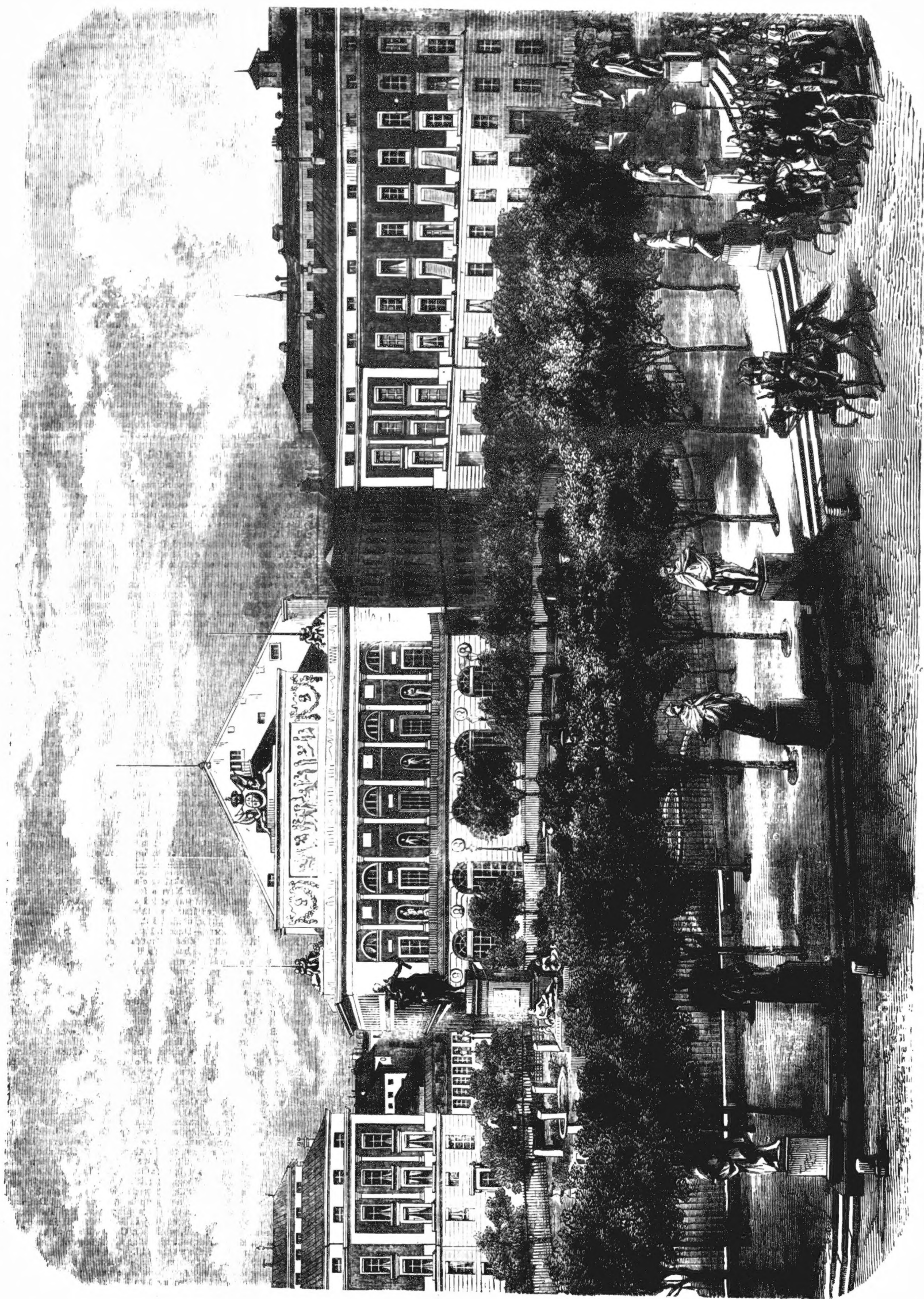
The apparatus, though difficult to describe, is exceedingly simple, and when small and light is very easy to manage; but in large vessels, such as we have alluded to, the trawl gear is of such great weight that it requires the utmost skill and attention to manage it properly, especially in blowing weather and when there is much sea on. The getting in the trawl after it has been dragged along the bottom a sufficient distance, is an operation requiring considerable strength to effect. For this purpose all trawlers must be provided with a powerful purchase of some kind. The Barking smacks and some others have capstans fixed vertically through the vessel's deck; the trawl-rope is passed round this, and the net got up by the hands heaving round with capstan-bars. The Ramsgate smacks have a kind of horizontal windlass, which is worked by winches at each end; and some recently-fitted trawlers have a novel and more scientific kind of capstan, which is worked by winches instead of capstan-bars.

When the trawl-beam reaches the surface of the water, a tackle is attached to the fore-end of it to secure it there, while another is rigged to a small davit aft, and the whole of the gear secured alongside. The bunting between the timber heads being removed, the net is easily got on deck and its contents secured.

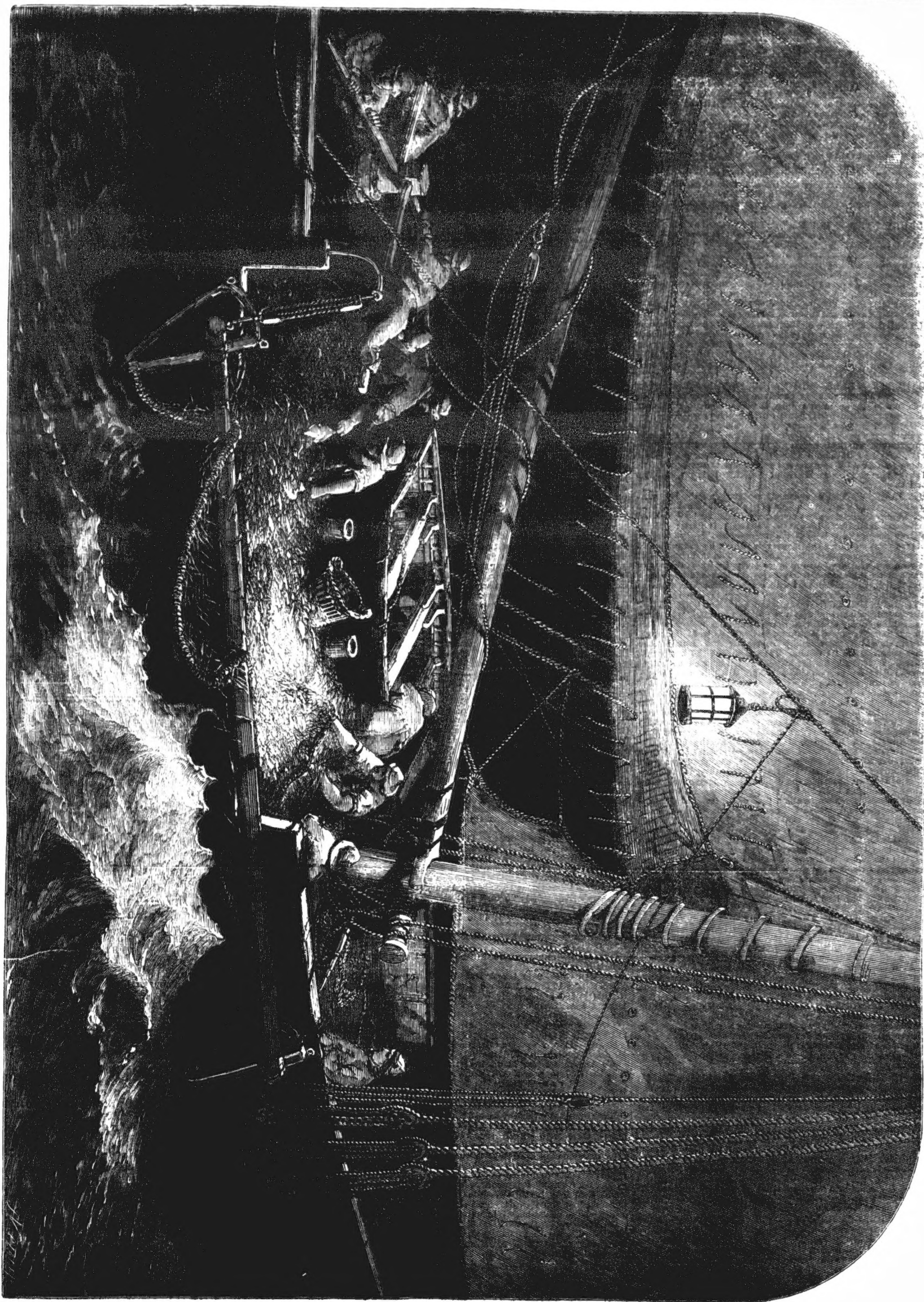
BALL ON THE ICE.—The skating club at St. Petersburg gave its last grand night ball on the Neva a fortnight since. To the usual splendour of this festival was added a magnificent pavilion, constructed of blocks of ice four feet thick, which, being brilliantly lighted up in the interior, produced the effect of a palace of crystal.

DEATH OF A HERMIT.—Duncan Marshall, the well-known hermit of Kilmon, Argyshire, died a few days ago, at Dunoon, in his eighty-fifth year, and was buried on Tuesday last, according to his earnest desire while in life, underneath a flat on Rushfield-hill, two miles up from the public road, where his hermitage was situated. Duncan was born and brought up in this quarter, and followed the occupation of a fisherman. He was eccentric in his disposition from an early age, and his intellect showed considerable weakness; but still he was kind and gentle, and became a favourite in the neighbourhood. Having taken a fancy to a piece of ground at the foot of Rushfield-hill, about a mile and a half up from the head of Holy Loch or Kilmon, and about the same distance from Loch Eek, at a point remarkable for the picturesque grandeur of its Highland scenery, having before it the entrance to three magnificent glens which open up from the head of the Holy Loch—viz., Glen Lean, Glenmissen, and the Valley of the Eek—he applied to Mr. Campbell, of Monzie, the proprietor of the estate, for the ground on which to build a hermitage. Mr. Campbell at once granted it free, and here for many years Duncan has lived, his only companions being a few pet goats. During the summer months the hermitage was visited by parties from all quarters who were spending their holidays at the coast, and Duncan was at times besieged by visitors. Lately he made a further request to Mr. Campbell, that he should be buried on this flat two miles above the hermitage, which was granted, Mr. Campbell assuring him that he would see to it and pay all the expenses. Health began to fail Duncan, and three years ago he was, much against his will, removed to Dunoon, where he died. Mr. Campbell, although not now proprietor, on hearing of Duncan's death, communicated with the new proprietor, Mr. Patrick, of Benmore, who cordially agreed to join Mr. Campbell in carrying out the hermit's desire; and, while Mr. Campbell agreed to pay all the expenses, Mr. Patrick sent his factor and a body of stout Highlandmen to carry the coffin up the hill. The funeral was attended by about 100 persons, of whom eighty-eight went to the top, notwithstanding that the snow on the hillside was knee-deep and most dangerous, the ascent occupying two hours. The services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Clarke, of the united parishes of Dunoon and Kilmon.—*Scotman.*

HORNBURN'S Tea is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 5,000 Agents.—(Advertisement.)



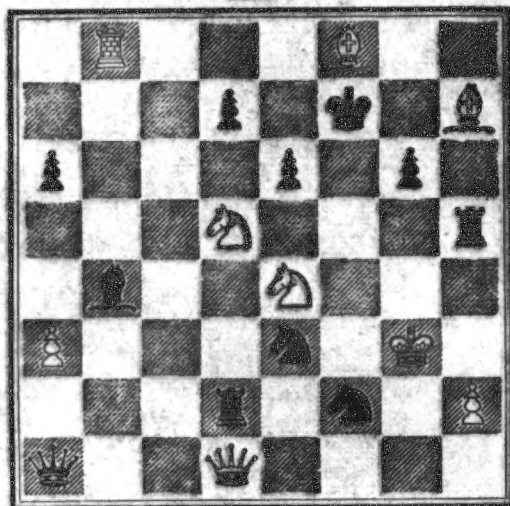
THE ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID. (See page 598.)



TRAWLING IN THE NORTH SEA. (See page 599.)

## Chess.

FRONLUM No. 214—By Mr. F. O. KAMP.  
Black.

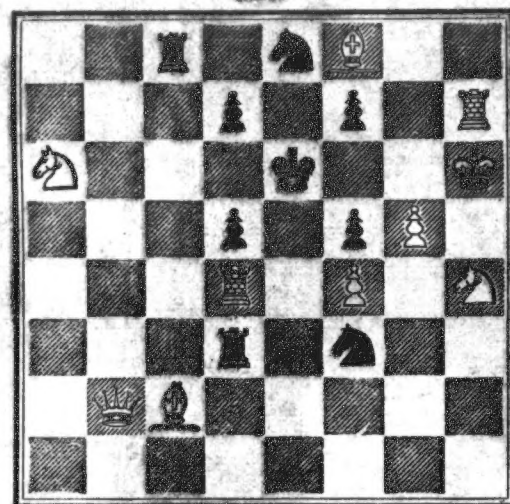


White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 245.—By F. JOHNSTON (Stratford-on-Avon).

**Black.**



White.

White to move, and mate in two moves.

### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 232.

White.	Black.
Q to K 8	1. K takes R (a, b, c)
Q takes K P (ch)	2. K to Q B 5

1. ....  
2. Q to K K4 3  
3. Q or B moves

(a) 1. P to K 5  
2. Anything

1. ....  
2. Q to K E 4  
3. Mates accordingly  
1. ....  
2. Q to K B 6 (ch)  
3. R or Q mates

(b) 1. P to K 5  
2. Anything

(c) 1. K to K B  
2. B interposes

**SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 223.**

1. B to B2	1. Any move
2. Q or Kt mates	

**SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 234.**

1. P to Q Et 4 (oh)	1. B takes P
2. B to Q Kt 7 (ch)	2. P takes B

**SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 235.**

1. Q to Q5	1. R takes Q
2. R to QB6	2. Kt takes B
3. Kt takes	

**SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No 236.**

1. B to KB3	1. P to KB4 (ch) (a, b)
2. K to K5	2. P moves

3. Kt to Q 7 (mate)  
1. ....  
2. B to Q Kt 4 (ch)  
3. K to Q 4 (mate)

(e) 1. K to Q 8  
2. K moves

(b) Or Black may reverse his two moves, and White will do the same.

**F. JOHNSON (Editorial or Agent).**—The problem marked No. 1 has two opening moves for White, one of which is Q to K Kt 7, and which leads to mate in the required number of moves. No. 2 shall appear. In the problem last sent, we do not see how White can mate on the 8th move if Black play 2. Q. to Q B 4. We shall feel obliged if you will comply with the request contained in our previous notice to you, on the subject of numbering your problems.

We recommend our readers who require any Christmas Amusements or Presents to inspect the stock of Electrical, Galvanic, and Chemical Apparatus at Mr. Faulkner's Laboratory, 40, Emdell-street. We draw special attention to the newly-invented Atlantic Electric Octet, for giving shocks, and for the cure of various diseases, used without friction or acid; also to the brilliant Light made by burning Gas-carbonized Wires, which are now sold at 2d. per foot; and to the Magnetic Rheostat to Regulate a variable force of apparatus, price 25s. to 50s.—[Advertisement.]

MR. FAULKNER'S CROQUETS.—The new Patent Uncocted Handles keep the Hooks at all times in true position. By post, 100 needles, 1s.; a set of Penelope, 5d. to 1s.; set Uncocted, 1s. Maker to the Queen, Alcock, and 47, Greenham-street, London.—[Advertisement.]

HER MAJESTY'S.—This establishment closed for the season on Saturday evening last, when the opera of "Lara" was again performed. Miss Louisa Pyns has announced her benefit for this evening, Saturday, March 4. and Mr. Harrison will take his benefit on Thursday next, March 9. We feel assured that both will be well supported, for they are equally deservng all the patronage the public can bestow upon them.

**COVENT GARDEN**—The Engli'sh version of M. Gounod's opera, founded on Moliere's "Medecine Malgre Loi," was produced on Monday night by the Royal English Opera Company. The opera was brought out under the title of "The Monk Doctor," and was a decided success. For the present we content ourselves with recording that pleasant fact, and adding that the principal parts were sustained by Mr. Henry Corri, Mr. Aynsley Cook, Mr. Henry H. H. High, Miss Thirlwall, Miss Poole, and Miss Fanny Huddart. There were several encores during the evening. In our next we shall give a full notice.

**DRURY LANE**—“*Rebellen*” and the pantomime have continued to draw crowded audiences during the week, with the exception of Ash Wednesday, when Mr. Howard Glover's concert took place, attracting an overflowing house. Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton are actively pursuing the objects which they had in view on becoming the lessees of Drury Lane. Miss Helen Faucit has been re-engaged, and will appear on Monday, March 6th, as Imogen in “*Cymbeline*.” The next revival will be “*As You Like It*,” with Miss Helen Faucit as Rosalind and Mr. James Anderson as Jacques. He will also appear as Iachimo in *Cymbeline*.

**LYCEUM.**—The Prince of Wales has commanded a performance here this evening (Saturday), of the popular drama of "Boy Blue," in which Mr. F. Foster impersonates the hero. An extensive grand box is to be provided for the occasion, which will be honoured with a brilliant assemblage, who, it is expected, will attend in state with the Prince and Princess.

**SADLERS WELLS.**—Miss Marriott, the talented director of this establishment, took her benefit on Monday evening last, on which occasion she appeared as Julia, in "The Hunchback." Messrs. Walter was sustained by Mr. T. Mead; Sir Thomas Clifford, by Mr. George Melville; and Modus, by Mr. Walter Joyce. After the play there was a musical *melange*, in which Mr. Elliott Gales, Miss Fanny Reeves, Mr. Louis Lindsey, and Miss Rebecca Isaacs took part. The performance concluded with "matrimony." The evening (Saturday) a new sensational drama is announced, entitled, "Baccara; or the Knave of Hearts." Baccarat, by Miss Marriott.

ST. JAMES'S.—The new comedy produced on Saturday evening at this theatre, under the title of "Faces in the Fire," is a translation from the comédie vaudeville "Mastille on La Jealousie," produced as far back as 1835 at the Vaudeville, in Paris; and Mr. Leester Buckingham, who is the author of the English version, deserves great praise for the manner in which he has performed his work. The comedy is full of incident. The main idea is to show on one side a wife torn by jealousy for which there is no cause, and on the other a trusty husband whose better half has a secret which, in her endeavours to conceal from him, leads to entanglement and almost to a separation. The plot really turns upon the fact that a Mrs. Hargrave has, when quite a girl, gone abroad and contracted a marriage with a worthless scoundrel, who commits suicide soon after the union, and the widow is left with an infant son. She returns to England, weds Hargrave, who is an old love, carefully concealing the fact of her former marriage and its results. Time goes on; the boy grows up unenlightened as to his parentage. He is a bank clerk; but, at the opening of the piece, quarrels with the son of one of his employers, is dismissed from his situation, and it is determined that his only chance is to go to Australia. The mother, nearly mad at the thought of losing the boy, consults a friend, Mr. Glanvil, the husband of the needlessly jealous wife. Mrs. Hargrave confesses all to him, and the second act ends with a situation which confirms Mrs. Glanvil in her suspicions, and causes Hargrave to suspect his wife of infidelity. At the commencement of the last act matters become more complicated and more serious; but at length explanations ensue, and the piece ends satisfactorily. If there be no great individuality in the characters of the two husbands, the contrast between the two wives is most strongly marked—the one is, in consequence of her secret, a really miserable woman, while the other is devoured by imaginary wrongs and grievances. To give an air of lightness to the piece a gay man of the world is introduced, who is a male flirt and a busybody, whose interference in domestic disturbances is productive of much harm. There is also the son, who is a very excellent type of a gentlemanlike young man of the present day. All the incidents are most ingeniously put together, and the situations arise in a natural manner. That the comedy was triumphantly received on Saturday night will be understood when it is said that not only were the actors recalled at the end of the second act, but loud cries were raised for the author, who had also again to make his appearance before the curtain at the close of the piece. The chief weight of the comedy falls upon the shoulders of the artists who respectively impersonated the two wives; and Mrs. Charles Matthews, as the unhappy mother, Mrs. Hargrave, and Miss Herbert, as the jealous wife, Mrs. Glanvil, both exhibited great intelligence in carrying out the ideas of the author. Mr. F. Robbins as Mr. Glanvil, and Mr. Arthur Stirling as Mr. Hargrave, both played well, and contributed their fair share to the success of the piece. Mr. H.J. Montague as the son also acted with discrimination. As may be supposed, the part of the male flirt, Mr. Cool Vane, was assigned to Mr. Charles Matthews, and the great comedian was as airy, as buoyant, and as young as ever. New scenery and excellent stage accessories have been supplied by the management, the view of a conservatory in the last act being one of the best scenes Mr. Telbin has produced. The house was crowded by an enthusiastic audience, and a long run may be predicted for the comedy.

**ADELPHI.**—"Masks and Faces" was presented on Monday night, introducing Mr. Webster and Mrs. Stirling in their familiar and original characters of Triplet and Margaret Worthington, and the farces have been "Ici ou Paris Français" and "The Area Belle."

**ASTLEY'S**—The pantomime of "Jack Sprat" continues to attract very numerous audiences. We are glad to state that Mr. E. T. Smith, who has been some time an invalid, is now once more able to personally direct the arrangements of the stage. Mr. Leslie's drama of "The Mariner's Compass" originally intended for the Surrey, will be brought out with entirely new scenery this (Saturday) evening, and introduce Mr. Fernandez as the hero. It is probable that on Easter Monday Adah Isaacs Menken will reappear in an entirely new character.

**THE BIJOU**—On Saturday night, the Bijou Theatre, attached to the Opera House in the Haymarket, was filled by a fashionable company, among whom were their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and several of the younger members of the royal family, to witness a theatrical performance by the officers of the Brigade of Guards, in aid of an institution of which the public knows too little, but which deserves to be widely known and generously supported—the Guards' Industrial Home. When the curtain rose it was seen at once that the performance would be a success. The audience were determined to be amused, and the performers evidently desirous of making their mark. Lieutenant

Colonel Percy Fielding and Mrs. Alfred Wigan delivered the prologue, which was written by Mr. Sh'les' Brooks. The plots were the farce of "Comfortable Lodgings," and Sheridan's comedy of "The Critic," strangely enough with the part of Sir Fretful Plagiarist omitted, but with the addition of what made it nearly a new work, a host of happy hits and capital jokes, epigrams of some current topics. The farce went off capitally, and the house was kept in rars of laughter by the really clever rendering of the situations. But in "The Critic" the officers who filled all the male parts acquitted themselves most admirably, and were ably supported by the professional actresses who appeared in the play. The "Wanderlag Minstrels," under the lead of Mr. Seymour Egerton, occupied the orchestra; and Messames C. Matthews and Leigh Murray, among other artists, assisted on the stage, the scenery and appointments of which several of the theatrical managers willingly helped to render perfect. The performance was repeated on Monday evening.

**AGRICULTURAL HALL**—Blondin took his farewell benefit here on Monday last, and performed several new feats. There was a large attendance, and Blondin was enthusiastically cheered.

**DRAMATIC, EQUESTRIAN, AND MUSICAL SICK FUND ASSOCIATION.**—The annual dinner in aid of the funds of this useful institution took place, as usual, on Ash Wednesday, at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's. The chair was taken by John Francis Maquire, Esq., M.P.

**DONATO.**—A consultation by four physicians—two appointed by the Royal English Opera Company, and two by the Oxford and County Halls Company—has resulted in a combined certificate that the state of Donato's health necessitates, not only a cessation from his professional duties, but a change of air. By previous stipulation, Donato would have appeared at the Oxford Music Hall in the course of a few days, and he will still do so on his recovery.

**HIGHBURY BARN.**—The enterprising proprietor of this popular resort, with characteristic liberality, on Monday night gave a ball masque on a large scale, the whole of the receipts at the doors being appropriated for the benefit and relief of the sufferers by the late calamitous fire at the Surrey Theatre. The company began to arrive about nine o'clock, and the grand hall was crowded with groups in costume, the hall being most tastefully decorated with banners, &c. Marritt's band was as efficient as ever. The grand supper-salon was thrown open at twelve o'clock, and there was a very plentiful supply of the choicest viands. The societies of Tregshowre did not depart from Highbury until the latest hour allowed specially—namely, three o'clock. The greatest possible order and decorum were preserved throughout, and, as a matter of course, Mr. Giovannelli was indefatigable in his attentions to his patrons and friends. It is said that Mr. Giovannelli has obtained a license from the Lord Chamberlain for erecting a theatre on the grounds attached to Highbury Barn, and we have reason to believe that the proposed edifice will be of a gorgeous character, and there will be a private carriage entrance to the balconies and stalls; we believe the structure will be named the Alexanders Theatre.

THE ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY will not send any touring party into the provinces this summer, feeling disinclined to comply with the exorbitant demands of the artists.

Mrs. GYE is said to have engaged for his coming season Signor Galetti, a lady of whom report speaks highly. Mr. Gye is said, in the *Gazette Musicale*, to have also engaged Signor Parnaci, a tenor.

## Sorting.

## BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S

The excitement at the "Old Corner" on Monday was symptomatic of the racing season having commenced. If any interest at all attached to forthcoming events it was centred in the Liverpool Grand National, for which several animals were supported at varying prices. Tony Lumpkin was again in increased demand, having opened at a point better than that at which he closed at the Victoria Club early in the afternoon. At 12 to 1 he was backed for all the money that could be got on, while the layers were low, but he soon advanced to 10 to 1, at which odds he was supported kindly; towards five o'clock, however, 11 to 1 was offered, the same being taken without stemming the tide of hostility against old Tony. Of the other events quoted below there is nothing worth noting beyond the firmness of Broadbath and Oppressor for the Derby. Closing prices:—

LIVERPOOL STEEPLE-CHASE.—11 to 1 agst Colonel Foster's Tony Lumpkin (C); 100 to 8 agst Lord Coventry's Emblem (C); 100 to 1 agst Mr. Chadwick's Jerry (C); 400 to 1 agst Mr. Pearce's Light Horse (C); 100 to 6 agst Mr. T. Wadlow's Shropshire (C); 20 to 1, 100 to 6 agst Mr. Hildron's Joe Moley (C); 20 to 1; 20 to 1 agst Count Lamplaire's Arbury (C); 25 to 1 agst Coventry's Emblem (C); 25 to 1 agst: Mr. T. Hughes's Real Jack (C); 25 to 1 agst Mr. Snodd's The Dwarf (Land off); 25 to 1 agst Mr. Goodfrie's The-Oar (C); 40 to 1 agst Mr. B. J. Angell's And-Blades (C).

**NORTHAMPTONSHIRE STAKES**—15 to 1 sgt Mr. H. Smith.  
John Davis (t).

**CITY AND SUBURBAN HANDICAP**—25 to 1 sgt Mr. C. Alex-  
ander. Race 13.

CHESHAM CUP.—9 to 1 agst Duke of Beaufort's Lord Zetland, (offers to take 1 to 1); 100 to 8 agst Marquis of Hastings's Ackworth (1); 100 to 6 agst Mr. W. Robbison's Gratitude (1); 25 to 1 agst Mr. A. Montgomery's La Touques (1); 33 to 1 agst Mr. C. Smith's Lion (1); 50 to 10 agst Mr. Samuel's Chance (1).

Two THOUSAND—4 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Liddington (off); 8 to 1 agst Mr. Naylor's Chatahouchee (off).  
 DEBENT—11 to 2 agst Mr. Merry's Liddington (4); 9 to 1 agst Mr. H. Chaplin's Breadalbane (4); 100 to 6 agst Lord Stamford's Archimedes (4); 22 to 1 agst Mr. Mackenzie's Oppressor (tand w); 80 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Kambal (4); 100 to 1 agst Sir R. Bukeley's Don Basilio (4); 100 to 1 agst Mr. A. Taylor's Pepper's Ghost (off).

**EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY.**—At a tea-party last week, at the

residence of Miss ——— (our gallantry forbids us to divulge that name), there were present nine old ladies, whose united ages amount, it is computed, to six hundred and fifty years. The evidence on which this estimate is based has been obtained by questioning each member of the party, separately and in private, tempting her to make confession (in, of course, strictest secrecy) of the ages of her friends. It is a curious fact that the number of years for which each lady herself owned in the aggregate amount but to three hundred and thirteen. This slight discrepancy possibly may occasion some astonishment to unreflecting people, who forget to make allowance for the weakness of memory with which ladies are afflicted with regard to their own ages, and its vigorous tenacity when they are asked in confidence the ages of their friends —

*Insurance Courier.*

**TAKE CARE OF YOUR HEALTH.**—To CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. C. Phelps Brown has lately published a treatise on Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and General Debility, of 48 octavo pages, beautifully illustrated with coloured plates, containing a prescription for the positive and speedy cure of *Tubercle* and *Dyspepsia*. This work will be sent free to all on receipt of fourpence to prepay postage, &c. Address, Dr. C. Phelps Brown, 4, King-street, Covent-garden, London. [Advertisement.]

THE COOK AND THE GOOD YOUNG MAN.—A tall young man, named Richard Thelacker, was placed in the dock before Mr.ingham, on a charge of stealing two sovereigns, from the bosom of Sarah Ann Finfold, who is her situation on Wednesday week. Mr. Wilson appeared for the prisoner. The prosecutor, a very well-dressed young woman, 17, with her mother at No. 2, Eaton-terrace, Battersea, on being sworn, stated that on the previous day she, accompanied by her mother, went to the Wandsworth County Court for advice, and they afterwards went into a public-house to have some refreshment, where they found the prisoner standing at the bar with another man. The prisoner, with whom she was acquainted, notified her, and said, "Miss, I think I know you." He asked her whether she had not lived as cook in Capham-parc, and she replied that she had, in the New-rose. He then said he was very glad to see her, and asked her to have a new drink. He said he knew that cooks could always drink a glass of stout. He would not allow her to pay for anything, and both she and he were mother thought he was some good young man. She said he looked very much, much like a soldier, and that many people called him Lord's messenger, and she thought of the public-house, whether the prisoner was a soldier, and he told her was. She told her mother that she had no objection to keeping the prisoner's company. Witness drank two glasses of stout which caused her to have a pain in her chest. He offered to see her home, and on the way he took her into the private parlour of another public-house. He sent her mother for a doctor, and they remained in the room alone. He put his arm round her neck and said I would rub her chest, as it would do her good. He unsnatched her dress and took her money, which was wrapped up, from her bosom. She told him not to take her money away. He snatched her dress till he was returned. She was in the parlour until it was quite dark. Mr.ingham: Was he all the time trying to relieve the pain? Witness: He took her money out, and she said that would not do her any good. He put it back, and said he liked her so well that he would marry her in three weeks. (Laughter.) He said he knew that she could cook a good chicken, and of course she could cook him a good dinner. He cuddled her, and got her to sleep. While she was doing he had his hand in her bosom all the time. She told her mother the young man had been kind to her, and had rubbed her chest. When she was awakened, and the rain was gone, he said that he was home, where she took her money from her bosom, and immediately, mistaking it for a towel, she gave it to him. She accused the prisoner with having this, but he declared that he had not a sovereign in his pocket. She gave him into custody, and at the station he was searched, when two sovereigns were found in his pocket. Sarah Finfold, the mother, was next called, and on being questioned, said she could not tell what time they reached home. Police-constable Butler said he was called to take the prisoner into custody about eight o'clock in the evening. The prisoner was sober, but the females were intoxicated. Mr. Wilson submitted that the court could not rely on the evidence of the prosecutor and her mother, whose statements were at variance with each other, and called witnesses to show that the prisoner had a sovereign and silver while the females were in the first public-house. Mr.ingham decided upon remanding the prisoner for a week, but admitted him to be

## ANTIQUITIES IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Nor the least interesting of the many attractions which the British Museum presents to the more intelligent among the crowd of eager sight-seers, are the valuable collection of antiquities formed by Mr. O. Roach Smith during a period of years, and which having become the property by purchase of the trustees of our national collection, now forms an important portion of the gallery devoted to British antiquities. It is to be lamented that, while for years past we have been collecting at considerable expense the remains of Grecian, Roman, and Egyptian art, we have been utterly neglectful of those examples which illustrate the progress of our own country. In London alone, many objects of the highest interest, both in an artistic and historical point of view, have, after being hidden for centuries, been brought to light only to be destroyed in ignorance, without even a record of their discovery being preserved. In the Guildhall library, there exist a few specimens of pottery, &c., the whole of which might be conveniently arranged in a space of a dozen feet square; and this is all that the corporation of the wealthiest city in the world has done towards the preservation of its local antiquities. If a very small amount of energy had been displayed, there might, by this time, have been brought together a

collection of great value to the community at large, and to which the corporate authorities could have referred with pride and pleasure. It is fortunate, however, that one individual undertook for his own gratification a task which properly belonged to the civic authorities, and that Mr. Roach Smith should have set to work to collect and preserve those relics of bygone times which aldermen and common councilmen had so little care for. The museum of antiquities formed by this gentleman was for several years past arranged at his residence, in Liverpool-street, City, and consisted of the weapons and tools of flint and stone which mark the manufacturing skill of our British ancestors; also of swords, spears, statues; personal ornaments of bronze, gold, and ivory; leather sandals; vessels for domestic and other uses, with various objects of a miscellaneous character, which mostly tell of the 500 years of Roman occupation of this island.

Many of these valuable antiquities were picked up by "mud-larks" on the banks of Father Thames during the time of low water, others were dredged up in various parts of the river; for instance, the Danish sword shown in the engraving was found near Westminster-bridge; another of similar shape was discovered opposite the Temple. By a careful noting of the localities where the Roman glass, tesserae, &c., have been found, it would be easy to lay down a plan of the streets of Roman London. Some specimens are from Botolph Claydon, Sherborne-lane, Birchington, Thames-street, London Wall-street, Lombard-street, Threadneedle-street, and from the site of the old Royal Exchange, and other familiar localities, while several of the Roman bronze weapons (marked O in the engraving), are from the Thames at Coway-stakes, the spot at which the invading legions are believed to have crossed the river. Some of the glass vessels, &c., of Roman manufacture in its collection are of great beauty, both as regards form and material.

It is difficult to estimate the amount of trouble and cost which Mr. Smith brought to bear in gathering these antiquities. Every excavation made in the City had to be watched; workmen had to be bargained with and bribed to be tender with pottery and other fragile vessels, and in more than one instance several rare objects were picked out of heaps of rubbish which had been carted away from ancient localities, and shot down in some green field in the suburbs.

We hope that the formation of a gallery of British antiquities, worthy of its name, will to now no longer be delayed, and that before many years are past, we may be able to find arranged in a systematic manner, within the walls of the British Museum, such remains of the early art of these islands, as will show at a glance the progress of our civilization at various periods.

## SURRENDER OF BRIGANDS.

A LETTER from Venice, in the *Basilicata*, mentions the surrender, to General Pallavicini, of the formidable brigand chief Totaro, accompanied by ten men of his band. Totaro is one of those leaders who have given trouble to the troops employed in the arduous and inglorious service of brigand-hunting, and his surrender is said to be almost tantamount to the extinction of brigandage in the *Basilicata*. Unfortunately such prognostications have been too frequent to inspire implicit faith. The merit of the surrender is attributed by continuous pursuit, contrived so to circumvent them that they had scarcely a choice save between a hopeless combat and giving themselves up. Totaro is described as a tall man, stern and gloomy-looking, rather than of ferocious aspect, thirty-seven years old, and of great cunning and resource. For twelve years he served the Bourbons as a gendarme, and has since served them as a brigand, committing many crimes and accumulating much plunder. His

second in command, a certain Castellano, is described as young and handsome, of the melodramatic class of ruffian. The others are all repulsive and hideous wretches, with the exception of a youth of eighteen, who has the look of a woman, but has already been for three years a member of the infamous band. The eleven brigands brought in their horses fully equipped for service, and a quantity of arms. Money they had none, having, it is supposed, either hidden it or given it to their families before surrendering. It is mentioned as a curious incident that when the whole band was marching to give itself up, three brigands who usually formed part of the bands entering the coast, galloped off with the intention of escaping and avoiding surrender, and that thereupon their comrades fired upon them, and would doubtless have killed them, had they not left their horses and plunged into the surrounding thickets. Without horses, they will probably have to follow their companions' example. It is added that only five regular brigands still keep the field in that district.

**RUNAWAY BOYS**—Last week four boys, the eldest aged ten, ran away from a ladies' school at New Brighton, having made up their minds to walk to Mollington, on the Chester and Birkenhead Railway, there to bivouac in the woods, in imitation of Robin Hood.

## KEEPING A VICIOUS DOG.

In the Court of Queen's Bench, has been tried a case, Grady v. Baker, being an action to recover damages for injuries inflicted by the defendant's dog. The defendant pleaded "Not guilty."

Mr. Oppenheim was counsel for the plaintiff; Mr. Pearce was counsel for the defendant.

The plaintiff is a servant, and was in the habit of attending upon the defendant, an old lady, residing at No. 10, Oval-road, Clapham. The defendant, who is a person of some means, has a great fancy for dogs, and she was in the habit of collecting all the strange dogs she could find in the neighbourhood, and feeding them. About two years ago she purchased a bull dog, which she made her pet and kept fastened by a string to the bed-post. On the 31st December plaintiff went to the defendant's house as usual, and Miss Baker asked her to come into the bedrooms, and on her receiving assurance from the defendant that the dog was tied up, and would do her no harm, she went into the room. After some little time defendant said to her, "My dear little angel Bobby is not well—he has got the spasms. I wish you to go out at once and purchase for him a nice little chicken—never mind the expense—let it be tender." (Laughter)

Plaintiff went to make up the fire, and whilst doing so defendant said she should let the dog loose as the poor little fellow wanted exercise. She did so, and as plaintiff was stooping down the dog flew at her under her clothes and caught hold of her person. She had great difficulty in getting the dog to let go his hold. She screamed very much, and jumped upon the sofa, and asked the defendant to take away the dog, saying, "He is a eating me." Finding she could not get away from the dog she took up a chair to strike it, when the defendant said, "Don't hurt my little angel, he wants to play with you a bit." (Laughter) Defendant looked the door, took out the key, and prevented her leaving the room. The dog seized her by the ankle. Defendant afterwards opened the door, and plaintiff rushed into the passage, where the dog flew at her face, but bit her on the hand, as she held it up to guard her face. She afterwards got into the street, when the baker's man interfered, and prevented his doing further injury. She was bitten in six places on her legs, thigh, and hand.

In cross-examination, the plaintiff said the dog was one of those that used to be regularly fed by the defendant, and about two years since she purchased it for Miss Baker, and gave a sovereign for it. The defendant is about seventy-six years of age, and has but one eye, and spends most of her time in bed and feeding the dogs. When she first had the dog it bit the defendant and tore the bedclothes, and when any friends called on her, she fastened the dog up in the parlour. About eight months ago the dog flew at the plaintiff, and tore the skirt of her dress. After the dog was taken away she went to the hospital and had the wounds canterised. She had worked for Miss Baker for ten or eleven years, but she stayed away once for three months, because "Miss Baker was always a jawing me and reading me for meat for the dogs." She did not wear crinolines.

In re-examination, she said she had suffered great pain ever since, and she had become exceedingly nervous.

Mr. Pearce intimated that he should not raise any point of law as to the defendant's knowledge as to the vicious nature of the dog.

The Lord Chief Justice said he did not think it would do him him any good if he did.

Mr. Pearce said the case should resolve itself into a question of damages.

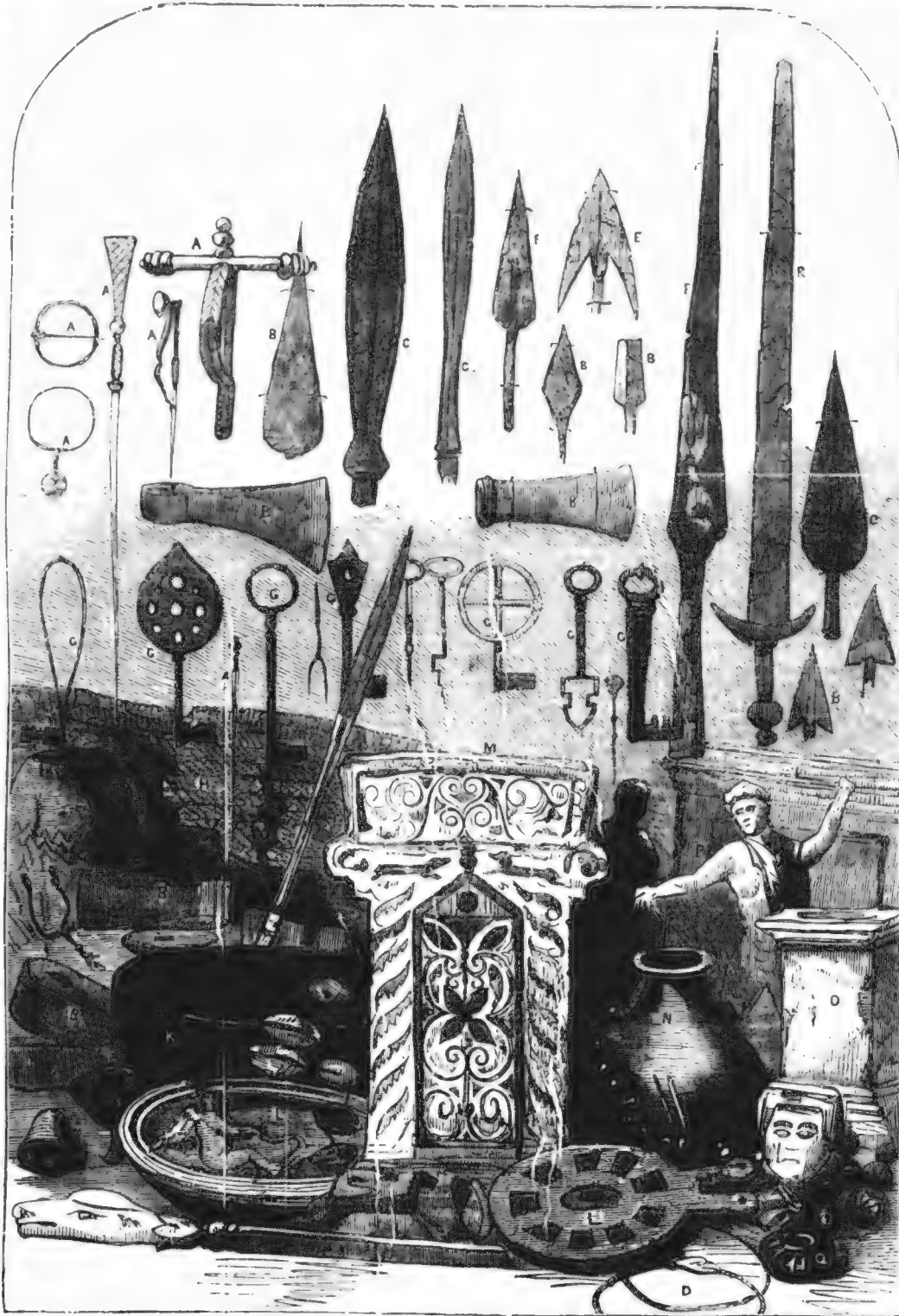
Plaintiff's mother deposed that she was bitten by the same dog about five or six weeks before her daughter; and another witness said the six wounds were bleeding when the plaintiff got home, and her legs were so much swollen that she could not take off her stockings. She added that the plaintiff was in a low and weak state still, and was in constant fear and dread of hydrophobia.

The defendant called no witnesses.

Mr. Pearce having addressed the jury on the question of damages,

The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages £60.

**A CHILD FROZEN TO A LAMP-POST**—At Penrith, on one of the frosty mornings of last week, a singular accident occurred to a little boy named Grisdale. The little fellow, it appears, was on his way to school, and when near to the police-station he ran up to a lamp-post, and placed his tongue upon the metal. Before he was aware his tongue had frozen to the post, and he was unable to release himself. Mr. Harrison, librarian at the Working Men's Reading Room, brought some warm coffee and applied it round the boy's tongue in the hope of thawing it off. In this he partly succeeded; but in his efforts to free himself, the boy managed to get away minus a portion of his organ of speech, which was left sticking upon the lamp-post. His tongue afterwards bled profusely, but is now healing up.—*Carlisle Patriot*.



BRITISH AND ROMAN ANTIQUITIES IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

A.—Roman Brooches, pins, and lockets of gold, ivory, and bronze.  
B.—Roman beads, axes, arrow-heads, &c. of flint, stone, and bronze (British and Roman).  
C.—Bronze Roman Weapons.

D.—Roman Armlets of Gold.  
E.—Iron Spear-head (Medieval).  
F.—Iron Lances.  
G.—Roman bronze Keys.  
H.—Ancient Chain Armour.  
I.—Fragments of ancient Spears.

K.—Bronze Dish, richly chased (Roman).  
L.—Roman Lamp.  
M.—Bronze Ornament, richly inlaid with Mosaic and various colours (Roman).  
N.—Roman Glass Vessel.  
O.—Small Roman Altar.  
P.—Roman Statue in Bronze.  
Q.—Glass Beads (Roman).  
R.—A Danish Sword.  
S.—Small Roman Hand-bells.

T.—Roman Glass Vessel.  
U.—Small Roman Altar.  
V.—Roman Statue in Bronze.  
W.—Glass Beads (Roman).  
X.—A Danish Sword.  
Y.—Small Roman Hand-bells.

and his merry men. They were to earn a living by making baskets, and were armed with a catapult, with which they intended to procure food in the shape of small birds. Among them they had four postage-stamps and a penny. As they trudged towards Birkenhead a rain storm came on, and by the time they reached that town their courage had failed, and they determined to cross the river to Liverpool. No sooner had they landed on the stage than they were captured by a policeman, who had been put on the alert by the friends of the adventurers, and were conveyed home, thoroughly disgusted with their escapade.—*Liverpool Albion*.

Dr. G. B. Arnold, organist of New College, has been appointed organist of Winchester Cathedral, by the dean and chapter, in the place of Dr. Wesley.



RETURN OF VICTOR EMMANUEL TO TURIN.

## KING VICTOR EMMANUEL ENTERING TURIN.

THE King of Italy arrived at Turin on Thursday, Feb. 2<sup>nd</sup>. His Majesty was received by the municipal Junta and deputations from working men's societies. Great enthusiasm was manifested. His Majesty subsequently passed in review the National Guard, by whom he was loudly cheered.

Turin is of an oval shape, and about four miles in circuit: it was formerly fortified, but is now an open town, standing in a rich, well watered, and well cultivated plain: it is approached by four fine roads shaded with forest trees; the surrounding hills being covered with handsome edifices, among which the church of La Superga is pre-eminent. Turin is admired for the regularity of its

plan, the cleanness of its streets, the symmetry of its squares, the splendour of its hotels, and the general elegance of its houses. "A profusion of running water keeps the fine wide pavement clean. All round the town, ancient trees of luxuriant growth oppose their impenetrable shade to the intolerable heat of the sun, and the views of the Alps are magnificent."

The royal palace stands in the centre of the town, in the Piazza Reale or Di Castello, a very large and elegant square, surrounded by many other public buildings, and having in its centre the former palace of the Duke of Savoy, a castellated mansion surrounded by a moat. The Strada del Po, a noble street, half a mile in length, leads to this square from the river, which is here crossed by a fine stone bridge of five arches, erected by the French; but which is said to

be surpassed by a new bridge over the Dora, recently completed. The Strada di Po, like the Strada Nuova and Di Dora Grande, the Piazza Reale, S. Carlo, &c., is embellished in its whole length with arcades over the footways, which give a most agreeable and imposing appearance to these parts of the city. The royal palace is little remarkable in its architecture, but it has some spacious and richly adorned apartments, and a good collection of paintings, including many of the Flemish school, and others by Titian, Guercino, Albani, Murillo, &c. In this edifice is the equestrian statue of Amadeus I, the figure in bronze, the horse in marble. Attached to the palace are gardens open to the public, the fashionable resort during day; the Bonda between the city and the Po, and Valentino grounds, being the favourite resort in the evening.

## Literature.

## THE PRESENTIMENT.

WITHIN deep, cool, shadowy rooms, with a gleam of a white vase here, a Parian statue there, a fragrance of unseen blossoms on the air, a glory of golden light, sifted through trailing silken draperies, mellow old pictures on the walls, and mossy depths under foot. Without, evergreen glades, and bewildering paths marking along fruity recesses and flowery pastures—that was Leichanleigh.

Dark-haired, lustrous-eyed, slender as a reed and graceful as the swaying willow—that was Winifred Mostyn, mistress of Leichanleigh.

Hobes black and funeral-like, as a pall, clung to the little form, and the little face looked whiter than ever, from the contrast. She wore no ornaments, not even a jet clasp at the slender waist, a brooch at the white throat, or a blossom among the jetty curls.

Her companion, a lady evidently some years her senior, and in the zenith of a queenly and magnificent beauty, regarded her impatiently while she said, "It is too ridiculous, Winifred, really, I think it is, when Mostyn has been dead so long, to persist in burying yourself at your age."

"I am twenty, Diana," Winifred said in a low, sad voice.

"And you say that as though you meant fifty. I dare say you feel fifty; don't you say now, Winny? It's a perfect mystery to me," she continued. "If you had been so much in love with Mostyn as he was with you, I shouldn't wonder so; but under the circumstances, since—"

Diana paused; she knew it was not an altogether pleasant subject, this, she had broached so persistently to her sister, and she shrank a little from meeting the angry reproach she saw gathering upon Winifred's face.

"Since I did not love him—since I injured him, myself, and another in irreparably marrying him, I think a life-long burial would not be too good for me."

"Now, Winifred," said Diana, rallying and returning to the charge, "that is supreme nonsense; you couldn't help yourself about marrying him, and you know it. Mamma was the Grand Czar when she willed, and she wasn't going to be turned out of Leichanleigh when it only needed to marry you to the heir-at-law to keep it in the family, so she married you to him. So much for your responsibility in the matter; and as for Mostyn, the great gloomy bear, I'm sure he took his compensation in growling as he went along. St. Leger was the most injured of any one. It was a shame to serve him so, and I, for one, hope you'll make him all the amends possible at the first opportunity. I shouldn't think it would be hard to do either, for if ever a man worshipped the very dust off a woman's feet, St. Leger—"

"Diana, what do you mean?"

"Nothing very dreadful, I assure you, Mrs. Mostyn. What would be the harm, I'd like to know, if St. Leger could be brought to let bygones be bygones?"

"Diana, Diana, you must not speak so to me; must not—do you hear? Leo St. Leger is as dead to me, as—as I am to him. Never utter his name to me again. Never, if you have the opportunity, remind him of me."

Diana shrugged her graceful shoulders, but she looked anxious through all her efforts to appear at ease, and as her eye fell upon two forms approaching the house through the chestnut-shadowed avenue, she turned nervously, yet with a setting of her firm lips, toward Winifred, whose face was buried in her hands.

"Winifred," she said slowly, "you will never forgive me, I suppose. I met St. Leger this morning, and he seemed so glad to see me, and inquired so kindly after you, that I could not help inviting him and the friend with him, to dine here this evening."

Winifred's white face was lifted suddenly. She started from her seat, murmuring, "I will not see him," and was fleeing into the house, but Diana's hand fell detainingly upon her shoulder, and she made a gesture towards the avenue.

"It is too late, he has seen you, he is already here."

It was true. St. Leger was already mounting the steps, and coming toward them across the long terrace.

He was a stately looking gentleman, and so stern of face as to form almost too harsh a contrast to the handsome, affable grace of his smiling companion, whom Miss Diana met half-way, and detained an instant in careless handings, while St. Leger passed on to greet her sister.

Winifred's face was like marble, and her hand ice, as she put it in that of her old lover. But the stern, almost haughty, courtesy with which he met her did more to restore her shaken self-possession than anything else could have done. St. Leger had forgiven, but he had not forgotten; and to a man of his pride it was easier to forgive such a wound as that had been than to stop its rankling. Winifred little suspected the agony that hid under the impassioned front he wore all the evening, as little as he the voiceless moan her heart was making.

He went away early. It was more than he could bear to stay under the sad light of those sorrowful eyes, and the plaintive music of her voice echoed in his ear long after he left her. It was a bitter struggle he held with his heart all the next day, for he loved her yet, and he remembered too, too keenly how she had suffered the decree of an inexorable parent to separate them once; and he remembered the black abyssal void his life had been ever since. Four years he had been trying to forget her, and now at sight of her the old love leaped into such a flame, that it threatened to devour him.

Four years! Why she was but a child then, not so much to blame after all—so young—the timid, tender girl, who had been used all her life to have no will but her mother's.

That night he went again to Leichanleigh, and Diana, catching a glimpse of him coming, vanished from the drawing-room, and

left him to find Winifred alone in the dusky window seat, half shrouded among the crimson draperies, and shedding silent but most unhappy tears.

It was too much for St. Leger, coming unexpectedly upon her, at a turn in the terrace, and if he had not meant to relent, he should have stayed away. The wild impulse of the moment was too strong for him. Dropping upon his knees beside her, he extended his arms, saying with sudden and vehement passionateness, "I cannot live without you, Winifred!"

She lifted her frightened eyes, to encounter the compelling, magical tenderness of that look, the matchless entreaty of that face, and melted into his arms, as a weary winged bird might droop to the rest of the home nest.

They were married very soon. St. Leger would not be put off, and Winifred, in this season of deep bewildering joy, yearned to banish the sombre garments of her mourning, and so exchanged them at an early day for bridal robes.

"At last, God be thanked, at last," St. Leger murmured, looking into the beautiful eyes of his wife, and holding her to him as though he feared even then that some evil chance might take her from him. "Nothing can take you from me now. Can anything, Winifred, chide my darling?"

She looked at him half frightened, and her blushing face grew pallid upon his shoulder.

He warmed it into colour again with his kisses, saying, "Sweet wife—sweet, sweet wife, have I scared you? It was but the natural doubt of a bliss that seems too rapturous to be real."

Her dewy lips trembled into smiling again, but she clung to him when he would have led her back into the brilliant parlours from which they had vanished a moment before, and suddenly and unaccountably burst into tears.

"It is nothing," she said, brushing them hastily away, as she saw how startled he looked; "only I, too, can scarce have faith enough to banish foreboding. Oh, Leo, oh, my husband, I wish you could hold me in your arms for ever."

Feigning a light-heartedness he was far from feeling, for an inexplicable heaviness weighed upon his spirits, he soothed her with kisses and tender words, till she was calm and smiling again, and then with the little hand thrilling upon his arm, he led her back to the parlours, and they mingled again with the gay guests, who had begun to wonder at their absence.

Some chance had taken St. Leger to the opposite extremity of the long saloon, when Winifred, chancing to look toward a window opening upon the terrace, beheld, standing outside in the broad gleam that poured through from the parlour, a form that made her very heart stop throbbing, with its likeness to—

Even her thought refused to syllable whom in the extremity of that terror. Her brain reeled, her senses seemed forsaking her, but with a mighty effort she retained possession of them, and passing through the window upon the terrace, before any one had noticed the deadly pallor of her face, she flitted by the strange figure, and away down the garden walk.

The figure turned at once, and followed her. She knew it. Every time his foot fell it seemed planted on her quivering heart. But she did not pause till she stood beyond the possibility of being seen from the house. Then, with a courage that astonished herself, she faced him.

The moon shone quite brightly enough to enable her to see his features, as, removing his hat, he stood with a sarcastic smile, curling his thin lip—a withering, denunciatory light in his bold, black eyes.

"Have you come even from the grave to haunt me, Rupert?" she moaned, through white lips.

He laughed low and bitterly. "You'll get ample evidence that I'm in the flesh, madam, and that within the hour," he said. "I'm only in time, it seems, barely in time, to offer the usual congratulations upon an occasion like the present. Pray allow me."

He bowed mockingly, and turned towards the house again, with long, impatient strides.

She sprang after him. "Where are you going?"

"To tender him my congratulations, too," setting his teeth. "Hands off, woman! The countess and I have some old scores to settle as well as new."

He tore away from her feeble grasp. She fell in the path, bruising her white arms and tearing great rents in her floating bridal tissues; but she struggled up again, and after him, gasping with haste. She passed him, he catching at her to stop her in vain; and, bursting suddenly upon the startled vision of the brilliant throng indoors, stood like the impersonation of terror between St. Leger and that advancing figure that was tearing its way to him through the crowd.

There was a wild and fierce tumult—shrieks and cries from women, and a confused struggle about Winifred—and then strong hands had forced Rupert Mostyn back, and taken his weapon from him, and a white and seemingly lifeless figure was drooping in the arms of St. Leger, who looked down upon it in a kind of despairing stupefaction, seeing nothing but her—his lost, lost love; not even conscious of the glaring rage with which Rupert Mostyn was regarding him, nor how viciously he fought to escape from those who held him.

Pale and frightened, but self-possessed, Diana came forward then and tried to take Winifred from him.

He resisted the attempt almost fiercely at first; but was at last forced to yield her to Diana, and then was half-persuaded, half-forced, away from the house by his friends, who knew that any collision between him and the strangely returned Mostyn must end fatally to one or both.

When St. Leger had really gone, Mostyn, nearly maddened with rage, was released. Instead of rushing after St. Leger, as they had half-feared he would, he strode toward the apartment, whither Diana had had her unconscious sister borne.

Winifred lay still in that deathly swoon, and Diana was bending over her applying various restoratives.

Mostyn forced himself into the room, and sat down with a savage scowl and vindictive muttering.

Diana bit her lip, and presently she turned towards him. "See here, Rupert Mostyn," she said, haughtily: "we all supposed you dead; we had every reason to suppose you so; and I am not at all certain that you are not at the bottom of the cruel imposture that made us think so."

"I had nothing to do with it. The blunder of putting my name to somebody else's corpse wasn't mine," he said, savagely. "But you must have found it out very soon, and you left us to believe the lie all this time."

He struck his clenched hand upon his knee. "Yes, I did," he said, defiantly, "I meant to give her a chance to try just what she has tried."

"Well, you've done a shamefully wicked thing then, and I hope you may get your reward."

"Oh, I shall get my reward, Miss Diana. I'm going to have that in his heart's agony and hers. I'm going to take compensation for my wrongs now. She belongs to me. She's my property, mine as much as Leichanleigh, for which she sold herself, a loveless wife."

"You were warned; you knew; you paid the price with your eyes open."

"Ay"—setting his teeth—"I know I paid the price, and I'll have the letter of the bond. Find me a 'Portia,' my good Diana."

Diana shuddered at the sneer that accompanied the last words; at the malignity of his tone; at the cruel glitter of his eyes.

"Oh, my poor darling!" she murmured over Winifred, "if only I could be in your place, my Lord Mostyn should have a lesson to last him a lifetime."

Till long after midnight Robert Mostyn waited in the room, where Diana watched beside his seemingly unconscious wife. Seemingly so only—Diana knew that for the last hour; the wan eyelids had drooped but to hide him from the vision beneath them.

At last he went away, and they could hear him storming over the great rooms, noisily, as was his wont in moods like this.

The guests were all gone long before, of course, but the banquetting-room remained, with its rich vases and gleaming wines, untouched. Mostyn went in there after awhile, and seemed to be venting his half-maddened fury upon the plate and crystal.

Alarmed at the din, the servants, who knew their master of old, only crept near enough to see that it was he, and fled to their respective chambers again. Winifred, shivering at every sound, was moaning to herself.

"Oh, Leo—oh, my love, my love—I wish I had died in your arms!"

A little later, a cry went forth upon the night air—a cry of appalling and terror.

Diana, waking from a transient unconsciousness toward morning, when even the banquetting-room seemed to have lapsed into silence, found herself stifling with smoke. Very soon the truth burst upon her: Leichanleigh was on fire. Dragging Winifred from her couch, she managed to reach the outer air with her, screaming at every step. Then, leaving her sister, she rushed back to try and rouse the servants, and to seek Mostyn. The servants were already on the alert, but for Mostyn, unless he had long ago left the saloon in which he was known to have been until near morning, there was no redemption. The great dining-hall was a mass of seething, impenetrable flame. Indeed, the fire seemed to have originated there.

Fleeing from that impassable wall, horror-stricken, Diana returned to find a throng gathering upon the lawn, and to behold Winifred's slight and white-robed form just vanishing within the burning building.

"She is mad, oh, heaven! She is crazed with terror, and will perish in the flames!" she cried, rushing frantically toward her.

But a strong hand drew her back—a stalwart form leaped past her into those fiery corridors.

And now, from foundation stone to topmost gable, Leichanleigh was wrapped in sheets of flame. The grand old house looked like an enchanted castle in that gorgeous, blinding glory.

A thrill of intensest joy glided along the nerves of Leo St. Leger as he threaded those fiery paths.

"Living or dead—I gether!" he murmured, and his sinews seemed braced with steel.

At the sound of his voice, Winifred turned, and suffered him to clasp her—only in time, for even as he wrapped her in the coat torn from his own shoulders, tongues of flame were licking her garments. Back now—nay, that avenue is closed; this way, then,—but here also the flames mock him, and jeer and crackle, and

thrust themselves like sinuous serpents in his face, and shut him in on every side. He bent his lips to the soft, sweet lips upon his bosom: "Kiss me, Winifred."

And as she kissed him, she lifted her tender, tender eyes to his, and smiled, winding her white arms round his neck, and nuzzling in his bosom to die. Better to die so—sweeter far—than to drag on long years severed.

Suddenly a current of air swept through the building, lifted one instant the current of flame before them, and St. Leger beheld the gorgeous banquetting saloon, all its crystal, and silver, and sugared palaces set in amber fire, and at its head, the flash of his bold and baleful eye quenched in a deathly blaze, could that be Rupert Mostyn? The fiery screen swooped again, and by his side another lifted. Beyond, he saw the terrace and the glimmer of the stars.

Now for it! Crackle and crash, and stifling smoke, and blinding glare—setting his teeth, and holding her close—battling them all, and conquering at last.

They were saved: he scoured for life, she pure of so much as a smoke trace on her fairness—so well had he guarded her.

Rupert Mostyn, it was supposed, perished in the flames, to which his own carelessness or intent must have given start.

A rupture to St. Leger was the smart of his wounds, for soft lips dropped kisses on the bandages, and sawy arms cradled his head. Nothing in life could ever take Winifred from him again.

#### A PETROLEUM FIRE.

THE most terrible conflagration that has occurred in Philadelphia since the great fire of July, 1860, took place on the morning of the 8th of February. Before proceeding to narrate the horrors of the calamity we will describe the locality where the dreadful tragedy was enacted. Ninth-street, below Washington-street, is lined principally with three-story brick dwellings that are occupied mainly by respectable families of limited means, the houses renting, we should judge, for from 200 dollars to 250 dollars a year. The first street below Washington-street is Ellsworth, and the next is Federal, both of which streets had in that vicinity about the same class of dwellings upon them as those upon Ninth-street. On the south-west corner of Ninth and Washington-streets there is a coal-yard belonging to Messrs. Daily and Porter; and immediately west of this upon Washington-street was an open lot, upon which Black-Smum and Co. had between 2,000 and 3,000 barrels of coal oil stored, on account of various owners. At about half-past two o'clock a.m. a fire broke out among this oil, and the flames spread through the greater part of it with almost as much rapidity as though it had been gunpowder. About 2,000 barrels of the inflammable material were soon ablaze, and sending up into the sky a huge column of flame. The families in the neighbourhood sprang from their beds, and without stopping to secure even a single article of clothing, rushed into the streets that were covered with snow and slush. Those who were most prompt to escape from their threatened homes got off with their lives; but those nearest the spot where the conflagration first commenced who were not prompt to escape from their homes were met by a terrible scene. The blazing oil that escaped from the burning barrels poured over the Ninth-street and down to Federal, filling the entire street with a lake of fire, and lighting the houses upon both sides of Ninth-street for two squares, and carrying devastation into Washington, Ellsworth, and Federal-streets, both above and below Ninth-street. An eyewitness who was on the spot when the oil poured out into the street describes the fierce body of flame as resembling a screw in its progress; it first whirled up Ninth-street, and then the fiery torrent rushed down the street for a distance of two squares, and then back again at the caprice of the wind, destroying all living things that came in its way, burning dwellings and their contents as though they were so much straw, and even splitting into fragments the paving stones in the street with the intense heat. Fully five squares of houses, had they been placed in a row, were on fire at once, and the scene was one to make the stoutest heart quail. People escaping from their blazing homes with no covering but their night clothes, parents seeking for their children, and terrified little ones looking for safety in the horrid turmoil, were all dreadful enough, but there were still more terrible scenes witnessed. Men, women, and children were literally roasted alive in the streets. Nearly every house from Washington-street to Federal, a distance of two squares, is burnt, with all their contents, nothing but the bare walls remaining. The same scene of ruin is presented at Washington, Ellsworth and Federal-streets, both above and below Ninth-street. The entire number of buildings burnt is about forty-seven.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A NEW FRENCH MUSICAL INVENTION.—The "light fantastic" may now trip along to its own peculiar music, in the form of musical pump, a pair of which, or at least of musical boots, has been exhibited to the Emperor. The pressure of the foot itself in dancing or walking evolves the music to which the foot keeps time.—Builder.

ALARMING SCENE IN A RAILWAY TRAIN.—A correspondent gives the following account of an exciting scene with a lunatic, on the Great Northern line, on Monday. The writer, who is a lady, says:—"On Monday morning last, accompanied by my sister and child, three years of age, I entered the middle compartment of a second-class carriage at the Doncaster Station, the train leaving at 9.17 a.m. for York. A gentleman connected with the Great Northern Railway jestingly told us there was a madman in the next place. I asked him to look us in, and then we should be safe; he did so, and we started, but before the train had passed over the road-crossing we were startled by the man attempting to look through the place where the lamp usually hangs. After a little while, however, he was quiet, and remained so until within a short distance of Askrum, when he pushed his hand through the place where the lamp is fixed, and threw the metal covering on the top of the carriage. We spoke to the guard at Askrum, and he removed him to the other end of the carriage, assuring us he was quite safe. At every station we stopped at he attracted attention, but nothing was done except looking him in. After passing Church Fenton, and only just past the platform, he commenced kicking and knocking at the partition, and calling out "murder." Perhaps ten minutes elapsed after he had called out, when, to our horror and alarm, he appeared outside our window, having forced himself through his, and began beating the glass with his fist (but first trying the door, which was luckily locked), and using the most disgusting language, swearing he would murder us, as he said we had cut his wife's throat. We could not open the opposite window to call for assistance, and I had to exert all my strength to prevent him from forcing his way in. Had he done so, the result can scarcely be doubted. I forgot to say that a young gentleman had got into the compartment, previously occupied by the madman, at Knottingley, and my sister called to him, but he was unable to assist us. The man was a rough-looking, powerful fellow, dressed as a seafaring man. He clung to our carriage, uttering threats all the time, until we were within a mile of York, when the guard's attention was at last directed to him by some people working. The train was then stopped, and the guard got him to York, and we had the satisfaction a few hours after of seeing him in a cab on his way to the Lunatic Asylum. I have ventured to ask your kind insertion of this letter in the hope that something may be done to secure the public safety; had some one been in charge of the man he could not have got out of the window. Both my sister and self fortunately never lost our presence of mind; had we done so, and got to the furthest window from him, he would, no doubt, have succeeded in getting in."—Yorkshire Gazette.

#### PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

In the House of Lords, Lord Taunton having presented some petitions from the city of Melbourne and other places in the colony of Victoria praying for the immediate and permanent abolition of convict transportation to Australia, Earl Granville said the question was now finally and satisfactorily settled. The discovery of a fertile tract of land between Western Australia and Victoria rendered the continuation of transportation to Western Australia impossible, and within a period of three years from the date of the Colonial Secretary's despatch transportation thither would cease. A few observations were also made on the same subject by Lord Cranworth and Lord Redesdale, and their lordships adjourned at a quarter past six o'clock.

The House of Commons has been occupied on the debate on the state of Ireland.

#### LEOTARD'S DIVORCE CASE.

THE Civil Tribunal of Toulouse has just decided the suits brought against each other by M. Jules Leotard, the well-known trapeze acrobat, and his wife; by the former to have his marriage null and void, as illegal according to the laws of France; and by the latter, to obtain a judicial separation and alimony. According to the statement of counsel, Leotard, in January, 1862, became acquainted in London with an Italian actress named Silvia Bernini, a native of Tuscany, and they were married in the following July, with the usual civil and religious ceremonial, but without first obtaining the consent of Leotard's parents. Soon afterwards the newly-married couple went to Italy to see Silvia's family, and where it appeared that the newly-married wife had an illegitimate child. They soon afterwards returned to France, where Leotard purchased an estate at Vernet (Ariege), and introduced his wife to his family and friends. When he had attained his twenty-fifth year he gave his father notice of his intention to fulfil the formalities necessary to legalize his marriage in France. From that time the father, who had previously kept aloof from a reconciliation with his son, and lived on intimate terms with him and his daughter-in-law, and even accompanied them to Madrid, Lisbon, Turin, and other places. In June, 1864, Leotard went to Paris, leaving his wife at their residence in the Ariege, where she remained till the 28th of June, when she left for Turin. Nothing in their correspondence had given her the least reason to anticipate a rupture with her husband, when all at once she received at Turin, a few days later, a letter written by a person named Pascaud, announcing that her husband intended to break off all connexion with her. Madame Leotard naturally demanded explanations by telegraph, but receiving no reply, started for Paris, and on July 8th presented herself at the residence of the Leotard family, in the Champs Elysees. After a violent scene, at which Pascaud was present, she left the house in a state of great excitement, went to an hotel, and, to prevent recognition, dressed herself as a servant. She then cut off her hair, sent it to her husband in a parcel, and attempted to commit suicide by throwing herself into the Seine. She was rescued, however, in a state of insensibility, and restored to life. Four months later, as her husband refused to receive her, she commenced proceedings to obtain a separation and yearly allowances. Her husband responded by instituting a suit to have their marriage annulled, and in that course he was supported by his father and mother. The wife's counsel argued that the demand for annulling the marriage was inadmissible, as it had not been made within the delay fixed by law, and that the parents, by their acts, had virtually given their consent. The Avocat Imperial spoke to the same effect, and the court, taking that view of the case, declared the demand for annulling the marriage inadmissible; it also pronounced in favour of the separation, and fixed the wife's alimony at 5,000fr., or £200 a year.

#### ANOTHER DAVENPORT EXPOSURE.

THE other evening the Brothers Davenport had a *seance* at the Music Hall, Leeds. A committee, consisting of Dr. Sam. Smith and Mr. Joseph of the Leeds Infirmary, had been constituted to see that no harm was done to the wrists of the brothers. Two gentlemen connected with the Engineer Volunteers had also been appointed to tie the ropes. The cabinet, newly prepared for the occasion, was upon the orchestra, and for some considerable time the Engineers were employed in testing ropes to be used. At length the brothers were tied, and the first to complain was William Davenport, upon which considerable uproar resulted. Dr. Smith certified that they had not been harshly or rudely used, and that they ought to go through their performance or exhibition as announced. The audience demanded that the exhibition should proceed, when Dr. Ferguson stepped forward and stated that he (William Davenport) had been too tightly bound. Subsequently there was a tremendous display of popular feeling. The instruments, which are a part of the paraphernalia of the brothers, were destroyed, and the cabinet was pitched over the orchestra into the body of the room, many persons wishing to see whether there was any spiritual influence about the article of forerunners or not. Afterwards, in spite of the remonstrances of several gentlemen on the platform, the cabinet was smashed. The Davenport Brothers fled as soon as the row was originated, leaving Mr. Palmer as their representative. The police afterwards entered the Hall; the lights were turned down, and many gentlemen carried away relics of the spiritual apparatus.

HOW IT STRIKES A STRANGER.—The Rev. F. G. Clark has been giving a lecture before a fashionable audience in New York, stating what he thought of London and Paris in a recent visit. The characteristics of the English, he said, were reserve and formality to the stranger; but once across the threshold of their dingy-looking houses and fairly introduced, and you find yourself in the lap of domestic bliss. An American gentleman is always treated with politeness, and when he mentions his nationality, he can find a good seat even in Spurgeon's crowded place of worship, where scores of Englishmen have to stand. As an illustration of the general sentiment of the English mind regarding American affairs, he said that a merchant prince might say to you, on being introduced, "Glad to see you; rather gloomy times with you in America just now. Things are looking badly. What do you think of the war? Do you think you can ever subdue the Confederate States? Better let them go. That is what England would do if Ireland or Scotland should ever want to live apart. Let the South go, and you will be strong enough." These rich, good-natured, and ruddy English gentlemen grow radiant when speaking of our misfortunes. They don't know how cheerfully they acquiesce in that Providence which threatened to divide our republic. The Englishman hates slavery in the United States, but slavery is the Confederate States is another thing, and he has nothing to say about it. The speaker deplored the growing sentiment of hatred to England. We were too closely united in sympathy to think of war. If it should come to pass, it would be the most monstrous disaster of the nineteenth century, and stop the world's progress. The stern logic of events and the eloquence of such men as John Bright would save England from dangers she does not now anticipate. Paris the lecturer described as the most beautiful, the gayest, the most frivolous, and the most openly sinful capital in Europe. By the stranger sin was to be found on every side garnished with beauty and gold, yet deep in its bosom was the cancer of licentiousness. The speaker thought that the better qualities of the French and English might be united successfully in the American citizen, and that the quality of cheerfulness might give place to that deep care in which the American mind is struggling.

# THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS' IMPOSTURE EXPOSED.

[From the Manchester Guardian.]

LIVERPOOL, having had the credit of baffling the Brothers Davenport by the "tomfool" knot, Manchester has gone further, and won the £100 offered by Mr. Palmer, the agent of the Davenports, to any one who could perform the feat. On Saturday afternoon, in the Library Hall of the Manchester Athenaeum, two gentlemen of this city accomplished every one of the tricks done by the Davenports, and in one respect surpassed the American conjurors. The Hall was crowded by some 500 ladies and gentlemen, admitted by the private invitation of the gentlemen associated with the performers (if we may be permitted so to call them) in getting up the entertainment. Three gentlemen were concerned in making the exposure—Messrs H. Irving, of the Theatre Royal, F. Macomber, and P. Day, of the Prince's Theatre—all of whom, we believe, are able to do everything that the Davenports did. It was arranged, however, that Mr. Irving should personate Dr. Ferguson, and the result proved the excellence of the arrangement; for the happiness of Mr. Irving's burlesque, the smartness of his wit, and his readiness of repartee, went far to make the entertainment the most enjoyable that has been given in Manchester for a long time. Mr. Irving then retired, and soon returned with a capital make up as Dr. Ferguson. During his absence, Mr. Ogden, the chairman of the Athenaeum directors, asked the audience to nominate a committee of two to file the gentlemen whom Mr. Irving designated the "media." Mr. Bullock, of Waterloo-road—who was announced as a gentleman friendly to the Davenports, a statement to which he subsequently gave a "partial contradiction"—and Mr. Simcock, a director of the Athenaeum and member of the Gymnastic Club, were nominated. The "media," Messrs. Macomber and Day, were introduced by the *quasi* doctor in a most amusing address, and the tying began. There was a deal of structure, or cabinet on the platform, the front of which consisted of three doors, the centre door having a diamond-shaped hole at the top. At each end of the cabinet was a bench perforated with a couple of holes. Mr. Macomber seated himself upon one bench, and Mr. Simcock tied his hands behind him, and, passing the rope through the holes in the seat, tied his legs together. It was understood that the "media" would do all that the Davenports did, not that they would undertake to do more. The Davenports were always sitting, but Mr. Bullock insisted upon Mr. Day standing, and tied his hands behind him (using one rope in the process) while in that position. He was then seated, apparently with some difficulty, and another rope, attached to the former, was passed through the seat, and round his legs. The tying finished to the satisfaction of the committee, there were placed in the cabinet a violin and bow, a guitar, a tambourine, a bell, and a pebble to represent a trumpet. The doors were closed, the sounds of the instruments in motion were soon heard, and the pebble was thrown through the hole in the centre door. The cabinet was immediately opened, and the gentlemen were found bound as they had been placed. The doors were closed again, the noises recommenced, the violin was played, a hand was thrust through the hole, and the bell followed. The "media," on the opening of the doors, were found bound as before. Again the doors were shut, the noises were heard, and after a short interval, the prisoners tapped at the doors, which were opened, and they stopped out free. The feat was greeted with continued applause. The subsequent feats were well performed, and were identical with those of the American conjurors. Messrs. Macomber and Day stepped into the cabinet unbound, the doors were closed, and in a minute or two they were found bound, their hands behind them, and the ends of the rope carried to the middle of a cross bench which extended from their seats along the back of the cabinet. The doors were closed, and hands were instantly seen at the hole. A gentleman, named Fairweather, was next seated on the cross bench, with a hand on one knee of each of the performers. He was bound, and the guitar and violin were placed upon his knees. After a short confinement, when the doors were opened Mr. Fairweather was unbound, the instruments were on his head and behind him, and he said he had perceived no motion where his hands were placed. The flour trick was performed with equal cleverness. After being firmly bound, their hands behind them, some flour was placed in Messrs. Macomber's and Day's hands, which were closed. Soon afterwards they stepped from the cabinet free, with the flour still held in their fist. This, too, was greeted with reiterated cheers. A dark *seance* followed, in the same room, before the entire audience. A number of gentlemen went upon the platform, and held each other's hands. The instruments were phosphorized, and were seen passing through the air, the two performers having been previously seen bound in their chairs. Mr. Day also caused his coat to be removed, and that of a gentleman in the circle to be put on him, while he remained bound, quite as deftly as did the Davenports' associate, Mr. Fay. When the performances were brought to a close, an enthusiastic vote of thanks was presented to the three gentlemen, which was duly acknowledged. We think, however, that such a vote is not enough; that, for many reasons, Messrs. Irving and Co. should be solicited to repeat their delightful *exposé* in public. There can be no doubt that a large audience would appreciate the opportunity of enjoying such a treat.

THACKERAY being told that an acquaintance of his, who was notorious for his love of beer, had sailed for India, replied, "He was a good fellow. Take him for half-and-half, we shall not look upon his like again!"

When a bean was asked why he wore resplendent Hessian boots in the finest weather, and appeared in shoes and silk stockings only when it was wet and muddy, he answered, "My wife washes my stockings, but I have to clean my boots myself."

## Varieties.

**WHISKY DOZE.**—Help yourself, and pass the bottle.

WHY is ice in a thaw like philanthropy?—Because it gives way in all directions.

SOMEbody says that the cream upon milk is the only article that has not risen of late.

**MAXIM.**—A superior mind cares but little about dress, provided it be decent.

AFTER a chicken has gone to roost, if you open the hen-house door you will find it a *fool* in *peeps*.

**MARRIAGE** is designated by some people as a "bridle," because it generally puts a curb upon some.

WHAT trees are those which, when fire is applied to them, see exactly what they were before?—Ashes.

An eye-glass has been well defined as a toy which enables a coxcomb to see others, and others to see that he is a coxcomb.

A PHILOSOPHER was once consulted as to the best method of destroying one's enemy, and he gave for an answer, "make him your friend."

"TELL your mistress I have torn the curtain," said a gentleman to the domestic of a lodging-house. "Very well, sir; mistress will put it down as rent."

**APRIL GARDENING FOR POLICEMEN.**—Expose some of the old-fashioned Bow-street runners, and train them over your windows. A very pretty effect.

"WHERE there is enough for six, there is enough for eight," said a gentleman. "Yes," replied Alexandre Dumas, "if you are speaking of candles."

**SUNBROWN**, even in peace, always slept fully armed, boots and all. "When I was lazy," he said, "and wanted to enjoy a comfortable sleep, I usually took off one spur."

"Excuse me, madam, but I would like to ask you why you look at me so savage?"—"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir; I took you for my husband."

"Do you know who I am?" said a police-officer to a fellow whom he seized by the throat. "Not exactly, sir; but I fancy you are the malignant collarer."

An insolvent debtor failed so badly once that he could not even "pay his addresses" to his lady-love, and she had "to give him his discharge."

A WRITER dwelling upon the imprudence of small things, says that he always takes "note even of a straw," especially if there is a sherry cobbler at the end of it.

A GENTLEMAN being recently absent from home, his son, of ten years, was asked to pronounce a blessing. "No," he replied; "I don't like the looks of them taters!"

THE fifth edition of a heavy work being announced, a person expressed some surprise, which was answered by one in the secret. "It is the only way to sell the first."

THE expression, "What a long tail our cat's got," is vulgar, decidedly vulgar. In polite circles it is now rendered, "What an extended alvine appendage is attached to the feline animal in our possession."

**CORRUPT.**—The distinguished individual known among the ancients as Cupid has recently changed his name to Cupidity, and will hereafter devote his attention to matters of money as well as matrimony.

A MAN hearing of another who was a hundred years old, said contemptuously, "Pshaw! what a fuss about nothing! Why, if my grandfather was alive he would be a hundred and fifty years old."

**GRIMES**, being told one night by the Duke of Wharfedale that he expected to see him hanged or hanged very soon, answered, "If I had your grace's politics and morals, you might expect both."

WE hear of many petty thefts in the city. People should be careful to look up everything portable before retiring at night, and keep both eyes and ears open during the day.—*Mississippi.* And that won't do. There is a man in that town that steals all day and doesn't dare to go to sleep at night, for fear he'll walk in his sleep, and the key, and rob himself.

**SKATING WAITERS.**—At a large drinking house in Berlin the customers are waited upon by female skaters. The instant a customer takes his seat, one of the damsels darts from the end of the room, skims over the floor, describing graceful curves, and in a moment is at his side and requests to know his wishes. One of these female waiters will collect a number of orders in her round, or carry her beer vessels to her customers, without ruffling their snowy froth. The motions performed resemble skating, and strangers are likely to be deceived, but the act is performed by employing small iron rollers, set in strong but neatly-fitting boots. This is all the mystery. It takes time and practice to execute the movements well, and the work is somewhat fatiguing. The floors over which they glide are made of very smooth, hard, polished wood.

THE following is an extract from the second edition (page 128) of the Translation of the Pharmacopoeia of the Royal College of Physicians, of London, by Dr. G. F. Collier, published by Longman and Co.:—"It is no small defect in this compilation (speaking of the Pharmacopoeia) that we have no purgative mass but what contains aloes; yet we know that hemorrhoidal persons cannot bear aloes, except it be in the form of COCKLE'S PILLS, which chiefly consist of aloe, scammony, and colocynth, which I think are formed into a sort of compound extract, the acidity of which is obviated, I suspect by an alkaline process, and by a fourth ingredient (unknown to me) of an acrid stimulant nature. I think no better and no worse of it for its being a patent medicine. I look at it as an article of commerce, not domestic convenience, and do not hesitate to say it is the best made pill in the kingdom; a mucilage purge, a mucous purge, and a hydragogue purge combined, and their effects properly controlled by a stringent and corrigent. That it does not commonly produce hemorrhoids, like most aloe pills, I attribute to its being thoroughly soluble, so that no undissolved particles adhere to the mucous membrane."—[*Advertisement*]

## BURNING OF THE PALACE AT BRUNSWICK.

WE have received details of the sad calamity, by which the palace was nearly destroyed by fire. The old palace was burned in 1830 during the disturbances which then took place, and the building which has now met with its fate was erected to replace it by the reigning duke. It was one of the handsomest palaces in Germany.

The fire broke out at eight o'clock, soon after the court ball—an annual festivity—had commenced. About half-past eight his highness the duke proceeded from his apartment to the dancing saloon, and a short time afterwards the fire broke out in his highness's study. It was at first thought that the fire was not a serious one, and by his highness's wish the ball was not interrupted. Half an hour afterwards it was still thought that the workmen and firemen would master the conflagration, and a great number of those present outside the building entertained the hope that the fire would be confined to a few of the apartments. In a short time, however, the smoke found its way into the corridors, and even into the ball-room, whilst suddenly the flames burst out of many windows in the right wing of that portion of the palace inhabited by the duke. The serious nature of the calamity was now unmistakable, and those who but a few minutes before were engaged in the pleasures of the dance were obliged to leave the palace with but little ceremony. Ladies in their light ball dresses and on foot were conducted by officers and other visitors to the exterior of the building, where they gained their carriages as best they could. The firemen hastened from all directions, but few imagined how far the calamity would extend. There was a want of water, for the small branch of the Oder, which runs behind the palace, was frozen, and in the place itself there were no water-pipes. Misfortunes also befel the fire-extinguishing apparatus. The hose burst, or would not reach far enough, and in a very short time the whole of the right wing of the palace was a sea of flame. Efforts were made to prevent the fire spreading beyond this wing; but the fire found its way through the beams under the roof and spread to the centre rotunda. In a short time the ball-room was in flames. The orchestra and galleries fell together, and all eyes were turned to the beautiful and noble "Quadriga" (a handsome bronze chariot) the masterpiece of Bielefeld and Howald, which high above adorned the centre of the palace. Soon light in all colours was seen to surround the noble work, for the melting copper and other metals gave out blue, violet, and other flames. During this time the fire roared, the heavy beams fell with a terrific crash, and the large stones of which the building was composed split with a loud noise as they became incandescent with the glowing heat. And now the Quadriga began to slowly sink. It was seen to disappear by degrees, and then suddenly to fall into the midst of the rotunda. This occurred about half-past eleven. The colossal group sank majestically, till at last the whole of the roof fell in with it. The fire did not then extend any further; but it raged furiously in the interior of that part of the palace which it had seized upon. The left wing of the palace, which was never thoroughly rebuilt, and for a great portion of the interior, consisting of rough walls, is spared. All the firemen who were in Brunswick and the neighbourhood hastened to the scene, and towards twelve o'clock a special train arrived from Hanover with the fire-engines belonging to the Gymnastic Society at that place. On the next day the fire was still burning, and occasionally flames burst out of the windows; but all danger of an extension of the calamity was over. Of the right wing of the palace, and the middle portion, only an empty ruin remains, and from the fearful progress with which the fire spread after a certain period but little of the valuable contents of the palace could be saved.

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